

SCOTT MATTHEWS AND REMINISCENCES
OF A FORTUNE

BY ARTHUR DICK F. DALL

SOME 'EXTRACTS' AND REMINISCENCES
OF A LIFETIME

By
GERALDINE F. BALL

To
FREDERICK NEPEAN HEARLE



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ROBERT, FREDDIE AND GENIE
or
MOTHER'S TREASURES

SOME EXTRACTS AND REMINISCENCES OF A LIFETIME

By
GERALDINE F. BALL

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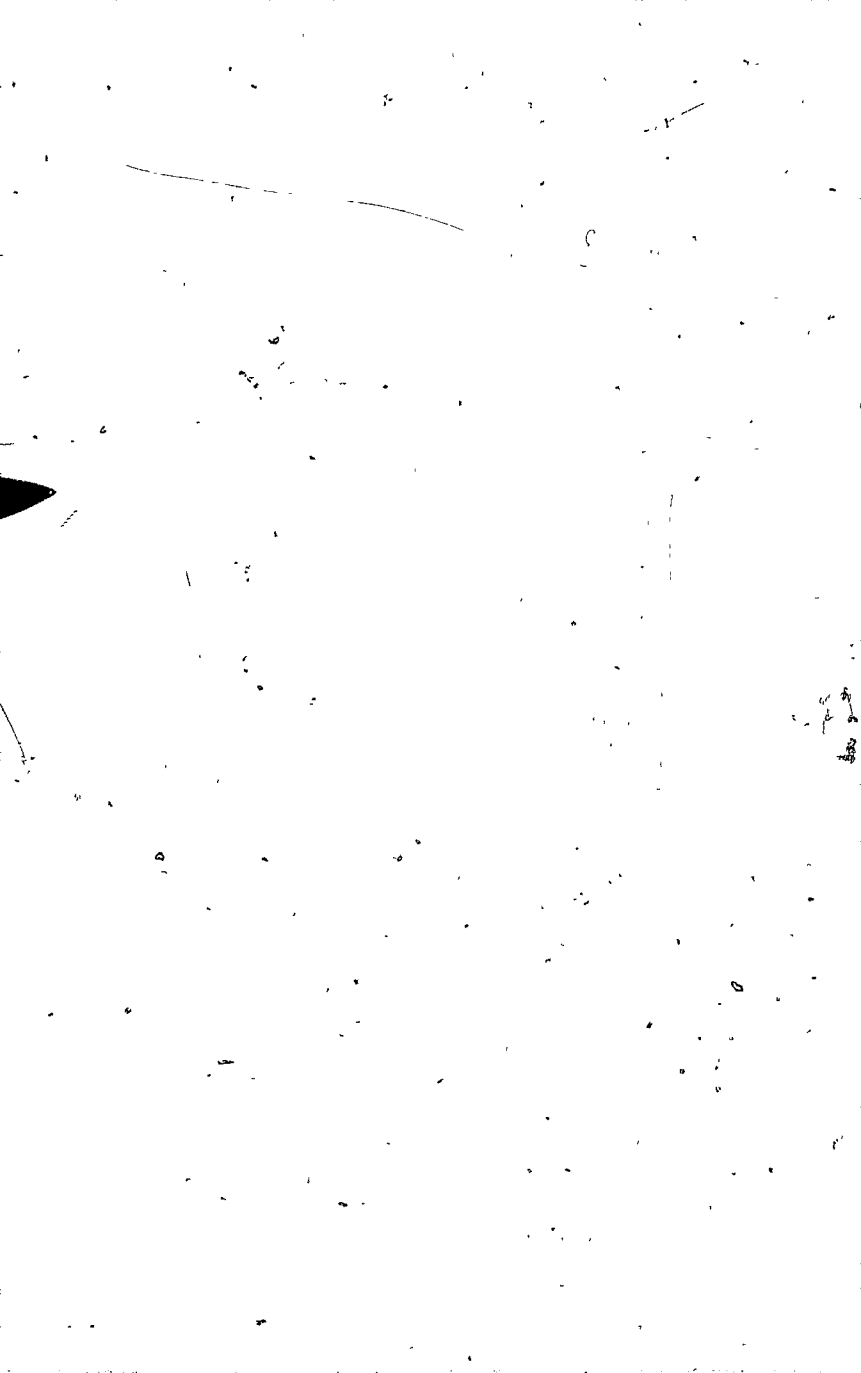
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Dedicated
TO MY CHILDREN

by
"MOTHER"

Geraldine F. Ball



Reminiscences of a Lifetime

A CORNISH BOY AND GIRL

We had been away the whole long afternoon on the shore, spending our time in running in and out of the caves, which we knew so well, and taking off our shoes and stockings and wading in the water to cool our feet, forgetful of everything but that we were free and cool. Free to do just as we pleased. The clouds might be low but our hearts were high. The sea might break on the beach with a monotonous moan but our whole beings sang a song of hope. A wild activity of thought, imagination, feelings and impulses possessed us, and we were entirely happy in spite of the ever increasing pangs of hunger which made themselves felt as dusk set in.

We suddenly became aware of heavy clouds passing over our heads, also realised that we were very hungry. Hunger was our daily companion at all times when romping by the shore.

"Freddy, come here; I am so hungry and tired. Let us gather up our shells for Mother and go home. She will like them. Take hold of my hand, I feel afraid. Those clouds look as if they were coming down on the top of us."

"Never mind, Genie," said Fred, in his heartening way. "They will not hurt you. Let us run now and we will soon be home. I will take care of you. Tie up your shoe strings tight or else they will soon come undone. Carry your hat in your hand or the wind will blow it off."

Away we start, Freddy leading the way, at first up the steep cliff leading to the hilly and grassy mounds above called the "Towans." Then he took my hand and we started off at a run only stopping at intervals to enable us to take breath. While stopping thus we would again watch the clouds which by that time looked more angry than ever taking the forms of

different wild beasts unknown to us. Again I was afraid and clutched Freddy's hand tighter than ever.

"They will soon blow over," he said. "They cannot come any closer. See! there is Trewelley's turnip field. We will pull one up to eat. They always taste good. My penknife is safe in my pocket so I can take off the rind easily. I wonder what we shall have for tea? Bread and treacle or bread and butter? I do not mind which it is—I can eat either.

"I do not want treacle," I said, "I want butter."

We reach the turnip field; which had been visited on many occasions before, forgetful now of those clouds which had so terrified us, and which true enough, as Freddy had said, had swept away out to sea and only a few scurrying cloudlets remained.

"Let us sit down and eat some turnip, Freddy," I said. "It is not dark yet. The clouds have gone away and I am not a bit afraid now."

We sat down accordingly and ate a small turnip hungrily. When it was finished we started again on our journey homewards, which we reached in due time, entering by the back garden gate, cross the garden, then ran down about a dozen steps which led to the area of the house, the door was open so we walked in and entered the nursery, where we spent most of our time when indoors.

My sister Alice greeted us with a scolding for being so late but as that was the usual thing we took no notice and after hanging up our hats sat down to a plentiful stack of bread and treacle. I looked at it wistfully but said nothing, so while Freddy piled into several slices I could only get through a small quantity. Had it been butter, things would have been very different.

On account of my love for my sweet Mother I had made it a habit not to complain, it would only have made matters worse for her. On looking back after the lapse of long years when dear Mother is no more, I feel glad that, owing to my self-restraint I, on many occasions, did save her at least a little worry and trouble, for she certainly had all she could bear without any petty worries. Even then as a child I realized that her troubles were great and was loath to cause her any extra anxiety if it could be prevented.

A child's love is like the flower in the window—it cannot live without someone to water it.

The next time we were down on the shore something quite unlooked for happened.

Alice had told us positively that we were not to wade that day because we had made ourselves so wet the last time. It was ~~only on those conditions~~ that we were allowed out at all. However, we found it dull work playing around the water without going in, so after a while we thought we would disobey orders and venture in just for a wee while. Alice would never know if we kept our clothes dry to go home. It was low tide, so leaving our stockings and shoes close to a rock we ran out to the water but on returning in about an hour's time our belongings were nowhere to be found. Great was our consternation at finding that we could not go home as we had nothing to wear. The idea of our going home barefoot never occurred to us for one moment. We never ceased to hunt until dusk, but no—not a sign of them. Just at first we did not mind much but sat in a cave and amused ourselves with shells and seaweed, but when the tide however began to roll in slowly nearer and nearer the prospect of our having to stay there all night did not look any too bright, neither did we realize one-half of what it would really mean—nothing to eat or drink besides having to shift our quarters before the sea came up quite close to the rocks. I for my part, loved the sea so much; had also a great terror of it. When once the tide began to turn and I was aware of the fact, a great fear would come over me, I would often cry bitterly to be able to climb up the cliff again out of all danger. Imagine my frame of mind when darkness was coming over us and the sea getting rather too close and Freddy and I were still there. Freddy remained bright and cheerful, as he always did, ever making the best of things.

At last a sound of voices was heard just above our heads on the Towans. I ran out to ascertain what was the cause of it. Much to my surprise and dismay I saw two figures standing above us. I rushed back under cover of the rocks, but too late to hide. Again I heard my Mother's voice saying—"There they are—I see you. Come along." So we had to walk up the path to meet her and there was my Father with her, too. They were terribly anxious about us.

"Oh, Mummie," I said, "we have lost our shoes and were afraid to come home without. Whatever shall we do?"

"Well, we can't do anything about them now," said Mummie, greatly relieved that it was nothing worse. "You must walk home without them and tell us all about it on the way." All of which we did: There was really nothing much to tell, except that they were gone from the place where we had put them..

When Father returned from his office in the town and found that Freddy and I were still out he became alarmed and suggested starting off immediately in search of us. Having explained our loss they were both intensely relieved, too much so to care to scold or appear in the least angry.

With our little minds set at ease on that score we trotted off home by our parents' side, regardless of small pebbles cutting and wounding our feet. On reaching home we were sent straight to bed.

The promise that we should receive something to eat as soon as we had got there was in itself quite a novelty. Such a thing as having tea in bed had never happened to me before to my recollection, and, feeling anything but sick, we ate all the bread and butter that we could manage and then started to amuse ourselves with what was left by rolling small pieces of bread up in the palms of our hands and when they were nice, round and firm, placing them side by side on the pillow to play with afterwards. While thus occupied a knock was heard at the back door and a woman's voice as if explaining something. Then my Father spoke angrily and the door was shut to without ceremony. Afterwards we heard that this woman had brought back our shoes and stockings. She, thinking to obtain a reward had seen us playing alone out by the sea, and had, unnoticed by us, sneaked away with our things and kept them till evening. My Father perceiving her motive for having done what she had, and resenting the unnecessary anxiety she had caused, refused any reward whatever. The woman had therefore her trouble for nothing and this little experience also taught us something, too, and we never lost anything again. Our minds being at rest concerning the coverings of our feet, we finally settled down into our pillows and slept the sleep of the innocent and weary.

For some days following the event narrated above, we had, however, to content ourselves with playing in the garden. It was a very poor substitute for the sea shore. We missed our trips over the Towans to the sea very much. At times we would revolt and climb over the wall, when Alice was out of the way. On one occasion, finding us absent, she came after us and drove us into the house again. As I was rather slow in descending the steps on that occasion, Alice gave me a push which landed me at the foot quicker than either she or I expected and I entered into the house screaming for all I was worth. Freddy was very wrath about this treatment. He was always so kind to and thoughtful of me himself. Although he invariably led me into mischief, and I certainly was always willing to be led, whatever the wrong it was always I who got the punishment. Not till later on in years did it occur to me that this was an injustice and that Fred was also to blame and should share some of the smacks, too. He did not dare in those days say anything, but he thought lots.

Now a word about Alice. There were eight of us and it was she who had the care of us all. From the time that she was able to carry a baby around she was the one who did it. When I, the eighth, arrived in this most weary, hard, cruel, but beautiful world, she was only twelve years old. What responsibilities on her young shoulders! Is it a wonder that she grew rather hard and, in some ways, rough and unfeeling? I was to her nothing but an unattractive child no doubt, but she did what she thought was for my good and the life that we were leading was wild; in fact, we were literally running wild when we should have been held in check. However, that may be, I was afraid of Alice to say the least of it.

My eldest brother, Arthur, soon found this out, and if he found me anywhere where I ought not to be he would hold against me the dread threat, "I will tell Alice." There was not a thing that I would do or have done for him in order to keep him silent. He was at that time about eleven years of age, while I was between six and seven. Fred and I were strictly forbidden to go down to the docks but still we did so sometimes. Arthur on one occasion found us both there and shouted from the cliff that he would tell on us. We were jumping about in one of the fishermen's boats at the time that we heard the call.

The boat was moored to a post in one of the docks and the fishermen knew us well and let us do as we liked as long as we did not interfere with things.

At the sound of Arthur's threatening voice we looked up and knew that there was trouble ahead of us. Arthur promised silence only on condition that I gave him half of whatever goodies I got and he wanted. This I had to agree to and it was kept up for about six weeks or more. At any rate it seemed to me about a century. At last plucking up courage on a certain occasion, having received praise and sweeties for extra good conduct, I flatly refused to give up one iota of it, upon which Arthur hunted up Alice and told a long story of our disobedience on that fatal day when we were caught. I looked at Alice, expecting goodness knows what—but she never said one single word. She did not even appear to hear what was being said. I felt the joy of a great opening. A new phase in my life. Alice's silence in that case meant for me that Arthur's reign of terror was over for ever and a day.

Arthur was quite a trouble in the home. He was just about as surprised as I was at the cool way that Alice listened to his tale of woe. I looked at him and my look was half smile and half defiance. And he understood. I felt like rushing to Alice and giving her a smacking kiss, but, instead of that, I managed to suppress my pent up feelings and turned to Freddy and hugged him instead.

Arthur was supposed to go to a grammar school in the town but he played truant so often in the course of the year it was at last thought advisable to send him away. My Uncle consented finally to take and educate him with his own four sons. Uncle Owen O'Neal, was rector of Cornworthy. He was very strict with the boys and if Arthur did not improve under his tutorship—well, he ought to have. He lived with them for three years.

It would take too long to go into particulars about Arthur and his training. He was continually in disgrace at Uncle's and was blamed for leading the others into mischief, whether he was guilty or not. The poor boy died just turned seventeen, after leading a merry and thoughtless life wherever he happened to be. Owing to a blow on the leg, which he neglected in his

usual careless way, tuberculosis set in—his leg was amputated—then followed lockjaw, and a speedy end. (*See later.*)

TREWELLY BECOMES BELLIGERENT

Here let me say a few words about Trewelley. It may safely be said that we two children were his worst enemies. His beautiful golden ripe corn was too near our back premises for its safety.

It was our joy and delight when tired of play to lie down in the shade of the swaying corn, safe from any intrusion, spending most of the time in shelling and eating the beautiful plump grain. In doing this we had made several pathways and trodden down a great deal of grain. Quite a bit of damage had therefore been done. Trewelley discovered this on one of his strolls around his fields and was furious and made up his mind to catch the culprits, and lay in wait to do so. Soon afterwards Freddy and I, not knowing of the danger ahead of us, came marching along as happy as larks and were just comfortably settled down when we were both conscious that someone was near. Up we jumped only to see Trewelley's head and shoulders appear in view.

"I have caught you. You little devils. I will teach you to play in my grain. You need a lesson or two and I am just the one to give it." With that, before Fred had time to collect his senses, he was grabbed by the arm, pulled out of the grain and whizzed round and round and receiving a series of kicks wherever the old fellow could toe. Fred most certainly got his turn that time. I had never seen him whacked before and never again. When Trewelley had got tired of so much exertion he flung Fred aside and then looked around for me. "Come back here," he shouted.

But, oh! no fear. I was like Saint Peter, "standing afar off," at a safe distance only waiting for Freddy's release to bolt.

After that we preferred to keep our distance from Trewelley's property, except to sneak a turnip now and again.

"WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR THE NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING"

Dear Mother would sometimes spend the afternoon on the shore with us and how we did love to have her. It was the greatest treat. She would sit and watch us have a real bathe,

which we did not often do without some grown up was with us. On those rare occasions a little lunch would also be taken with us, after disposing of which we would walk along the edge of the shore and pick up the prettiest and most uncommon of the shells to put with Mother's collection at home. This collection was no ordinary one, I can assure you. It consisted of all sorts and sizes and the rarest kinds. They were always carefully washed and put away in a certain drawer as soon as we got home. We were allowed to look at them as often as we wished, but not take any out for fear of any of the most delicate ones getting broken. Some were so very frail and delicate. But, there!—we did not want to take away any of them, for they were "Mummie's" and that said enough. We would never hurt anything of hers whatever it was.

She had enough to bear and we were never too young to know it. What was the cause of those dreadful headaches and sad looks on her lovely face? Ah! what?

I feel sad at the thought of those days that might have been so happy and which we and she had missed. All so beautiful around her and yet she so sad within. My Father was an only son, spoilt and petted by his parents on account of his smartness and activity. They gave him the best of education, and being clever he quickly passed all the necessary examinations and became a fully fledged attorney at an early age. He made money easily and spent it as freely.

He was heart free until the occasion on which, at a military ball, he met Miss Fredrica Nepean. Miss Nepean was the daughter of Captain Nepean of the Royal Navy and cousin of the present Sir Molyneux Nepean, Baronet, of Loder's Court, Bridport.

Being one of a small family of three, two daughters and a son, my Mother's life as a girl had been one of pleasure and free of care. When her Father's ship was in dock he used to like his family to come on board and there they would have all kinds of gaiety and would entertain freely. Many were the admirers Mother had in those happy days. She was beautiful and with the sweetest of dispositions. Owing to this kind of life Mother had learnt to do nothing in the way of housekeeping. In fact in those days it was considered common and altogether out of place for any gentlewoman to do anything but embroider

in the newest stitch or to be proficient in the latest artistic fads. More is the pity that such a state of affairs did exist, but such was the case. Therefore when poverty knocked at her door a few years later poor Mother was quite unequal to the task before her of cutting down expenses and making a little do for a great deal.

For a short time after her marriage everything went swimmingly. Father being a keen speculator and clever lawyer and well known in the south of England, had many irons in the fire. Some turned out well, others failed. So much so that on speculating in some mines in Wales he came utterly to grief. He bore this loss badly, went to court about the matter and lost his case after a trial which lasted about a twelvemonth. He then came to Hayle, in Cornwall, and started in his profession once more. Had it not been for these losses in Wales, Father's life would probably have been very different, but he lost heart in his work and profession and never really regained interest.

By that time Mother had four children, but was totally unfit and unused to work of any kind, which did not help matters in any way. They got on somehow however and had Father only stuck strictly to his business at all times, things would have rallied as clients and work for him were always plentiful, but his health was not always fit for the work which he had to do so things got more and more behind.

Father was a fine, big man—kind and good tempered. It was always his wish that we children should be kept in the nursery when he was home from the office. For that reason we did not get to know him as well as we should have.

On hearing Father's knock at the door "You had better run away," Mother would say, and we would immediately go, being trained that way. Our meals were brought to us from the dining room, sometimes very plentiful and sometimes not. Nearly every night Mummie would come and read us the prayers except when her head was bad as she used to suffer very much from neuralgia. In that case we did without any. Father once took to reading the prayers to us and kept it up for ten solid months. He must have been feeling extra good during that time. We were called into the parlour for the solemn occasion and after bidding my parents "Good night," we quietly walked off to bed feeling just a 'bit strange without knowing exactly why.

WE ARE CHIEF WITNESSES

On a certain-day while rambling by the shore all alone Fred and I we noticed a sack thrown up by the sea. There was evidently something inside as it bulged out. Freddy turned it over. What was our surprise and amazement to see a tiny little foot peeping out of it.

"Oh! look. It is a little baby and drowned."

Sure enough it was so. There it was a poor little innocent wee babe. Its eyes staring at us as if imploring for mercy. What cruel Mother had done this heartless deed. God only knew! We stood there dazed, contemplating what to do next, when all a sudden others appeared on the scene, although a moment before not a soul was visible—at least to our knowledge. In fact within less than a quarter of an hour, there was a small crowd assembled. This hapless wee babe and martyr who had been drowned like a kitten without a rag on its little body to hide its nudity.

This was one of our special days and we were not a little excited, you may rest assured of that. We stood listening to what the people were saying feeling at the same time that, as we had found the baby it belonged to ~~as~~ individually; but we had not the pluck to say so. After due consultation the people left taking the baby with them and after an inquest Freddy and I got half a crown given to us as being chief witnesses in the case. Just fancy. What a fortune. We who had never had a sum of such value in our hands before. Half a crown—a rare fortune indeed to our small minds and all at once. We both thought it best to pass the vast sum over to Mummie to keep for us which she did, promising to let us have a penny at a time whenever we wanted it. That was the starting of our bank. Never did we venture to ask for one of those precious pennies or halfpennies without very careful and deliberate consideration. It was so very necessary to make it last as there would be no more coming, at least nothing more in view that we knew of, but we did long for a few sweets sometimes so badly, especially so on wet days, when there was absolutely nothing else to think about and so little to play with in the house and we were not allowed to go in any rooms in the other part of the house so we found it very dreary sometimes. At

such times we thought of sweets, Mummie and our pennies. We never got a refusal. We kept no account of what we spent but our fund was never exhausted. Wasn't that strange? What a big percentage Mother must have given us and what a splendid investment we must have made. We would ask sometimes if there were still any pennies left and the answer was always, "Yes."

Dear little Mother. There is no doubt, now that I know and understand so much about things. I also know there were times in those days when she must have found it hard enough to get us one of those pennies when it was called for. She always did manage it, though true to her dear self and us.

I look upon those days as happy days. Were we not together wrapped up in each other, knowing no sin or temptation but our own little childish peccadilloes, of no account, though mighty in our own small minds? There was nothing really to worry us just then. We were well, happy and together. What more did we require? For a short time during the day we now attended a day school not far from our home, kept by a sailor's widow. She also kept a small supply of sweets and a few groceries just to make a living. It was usually there where we spent our precious pennies. Fred soon learnt all this poor woman could teach him, as he began to correct her on her own learning so it was thought advisable for him to go to another school as soon as it could be arranged.

I AM IN SLIGHT DIFFICULTIES

While playing with the fire one day when we were alone I dropped a hot coal on the bare skin of my leg. The burn got so very red and inflamed for want of proper attention and knowing it was forbidden strictly ever to play with the fire we kept the secret to ourselves until the wound got so bad I could hardly walk or play. Sitting on a log in the garden one day, both Fred and I, feeling very bad about it, I was on the point of crying out with the pain when Freddy said, "Mind you do not tell anybody about it, it will soon be well again."

"No, I won't—indeed, I won't, as long as I can help it and keep from crying. It is so hard not to cry, my leg does hurt so I can hardly bear it."

Just then, as we were speaking about this, on turning our head towards the house, we saw Mother and Alice talking together and looking towards us. We felt sure that they knew that something was wrong and that they were going to call us in so at the usual call, "Come into the house, you children," we knew that it was all up. I limped in and the tears forced themselves to my eyes in spite of vain efforts to keep them back. It was utterly impossible for me to walk without a limp much less without showing that I was in pain. And so everything was found out in spite of ourselves.

Mother was terribly shocked when she saw the condition of the calf of my leg and was on the verge of fainting at the sight. She could by no means understand how or why we had kept the state of affairs to ourselves and showed how very hurt she was about our having done so.

There was no scolding on that occasion. My leg was carefully bathed and some soothing applications applied which relieved me very much and a few days the sore soon began to heal.

I often wonder now, why we were afraid to tell certain things that happened and cannot yet explain it except that we were not encouraged enough to confide in our parents or our elders and also were left so much to ourselves. I see that now though at that time I did not notice or understand. It is a pity that such was the case.

ARTHUR GETS HURT

It was the afternoon of a dull weekday in the early winter. Several steamers were in the harbour, ready to sail. An important function was taking place—that of the launching of a new up-to-date Lifeboat of unusual size and there were crowds around to watch the lovely boat glide into the ocean. One could hear the rumble of the iron trolleys shipping coal, the clank of the mason's trowel and the quick beat of the riveter's hammer—the usual dreary noises of the work-a-day world in the dockyard. Arthur was having a lively time barefooted, and jumping in and out of one of the boats when he stepped on a nail which ran someway into the tender flesh of his foot. It was got out with some difficulty. Then the blood came

streaming out of the wound. The poor-boy walked home without any aid from anyone leaving red footmarks wherever his foot touched the ground. By the time he reached home he was just about fainting from loss of blood. When my Father saw the condition of the boy's foot he was quite wrath at those people who were around and saw Arthur start off walking home without even tying up the foot to stop the bleeding. It certainly showed a great lack of humanity.

Arthur was a naughty boy and full of tricks, such as kicking at the door during family worship, so that we could not hear a word of what was being said—stealing money out of Father's pockets—hammering at our neighbours' doors and then making a bolt, and such like bad ways of which I could narrate many anecdotes. Still he was not at heart really a bad boy and so on the occasion related above when he hurt his foot so badly some sort of sympathy was due to him. He was only eleven and needed the most careful of training. Hard words were of no avail or harsh treatment either, but speak a few kind and tender words to him and his true feelings would be touched immediately and tears would spring to his eyes. Then it was possible to get any promise from him of amendment. He did not always keep his promises but when he made them he always meant to keep his word but very easily forgot when any temptation came his way as many of us are apt to do—even the very best of us.

LAUNCHING OF ANOTHER LIFEBOAT

Cliff Terrace, where we lived, stood on a hill and overlooked the town. There was a sloping plantation in front of our house where we were often allowed to sit and watch what was going on below.

On the occasion of the launching of another Lifeboat Fred and I were nicely cleaned for the event and were told by Alice that we were on no account to go away after everything was over but come straight in before we soiled our clothes. We intended to do so. Unfortunately, however, some children we knew well came talking to us and ended by enticing us to come home with them. Their home was in the same terrace and not far up. Alice was not in sight so off we went, nothing

loath. These children seemed able to do just as they liked. They took us up to their parents' bedroom and there we had the time of our lives building houses on the bed with the sheets and blankets, etc., all of which was quite new to Fred and me. We quite forgot about home, Alice, dinner or anything else in our enjoyment of the frolic. No one interfered with us and we were in the midst of this wild time when a servant girl came to the door saying Alice was at the gate and said that "Genie" was to come home. Genie, mind you, not Freddy. I dare not refuse to go but did so somewhat reluctantly. On reaching the gate I received for my pains such a sound box on the ears I almost feel it to this day. I reeled forward and almost fell with the shock.

It was then for the first time the fact came to my senses that there was no justice in the treatment that I was getting. Freddy had taken me there and he was left to enjoy himself while I was marched home with a smarting ear. I entered the house sobbing quietly but bitterly, felt more or less sulky for the remainder of the afternoon until my brother returned, then my feelings were revived. Later on in years Fred remembered these things when I had almost allowed them to slip my memory and he even now refers to the day in which he threw off Alice's yoke, standing on the top of the stairs with a broom and threatening or otherwise daring her to come up. She didn't either, which scored many points to him. Nevertheless Alice ruled over us whenever she could and was the only one who did so. Mother was always so sweet tempered she hated to make life harder to us than was necessary.

Mother always said, "Now—Mind and don't worry the children. They will have worries enough by and bye." God only knows we have had too, each in our own way.

The next girl to Alice was Ada who spent little of her time with the family as far back as I can remember. She knew very little of the life we led in Cornwall she being educated in a boarding school in Devonshire and only came home for short visits to spend her holidays when money could be spared for the journey home which was about once a year. She was always highly nervous and Mother used to consider her "the delicate one." She got every change and luxury that our means would

allow. Ada was, however, a good girl and quite religiously inclined at all times. Later on in years when we had all left our home in Cornwall and were then living in London especially she could hardly pass any place where a service was being held—no matter what denomination—without wanting to go in. She also wanted to drag me in too, but it happened then that my spirit was willing but my mind weak—so I would make sundry excuses and pass on with a promise to attend on another occasion. But Ada got even with me when we got into our bedroom for then she would read me a long chapter out of the Bible while I was undressing and then tell me to pick out a verse of what she had been reading and think of it after I was in bed which of course I did to the best of my ability and naturally enough dropped off to sleep in the attempt. Ada, bless her heart! was kneeling at her prayers when I had already reached the land of Nod and it seemed hours when I came back to dear old Earth again and Ada was still missing as my bed companion. I would then look up to see where she was, and lo and behold there she was still on her knees in the same old place. "What are you doing, Ada? Are you asleep or forgotten your place?" "Oh, dear! I wish you would not speak to me, I have forgotten now what I was going to say."

"Well, never mind now, Ada, leave it till tomorrow and come to bed."

Ada was more anxious about her soul in those days than she is now. She has given up apparently the worrying part of her faith and settled down into the more peaceful and blessedness of this faith—trusting for the true and right guidance in all things to the Lord of Mercy and of Might.

When just a baby in long clothes, when fast asleep in my cradle and Mother and the nurse both away, Ada picked me up and ran out into the garden with me, Arthur, quite a little boy at that time was running around at play, suddenly picked up a piece of broken crockery and threw it up into the air and, as luck would have it, it landed right on my face above the left eye stunning me completely. Ada was so terrified at the streams of blood running all over my face she rushed back to the house and put me back into the cradle again. By that time the

nurse had returned but was too frightened and inexperienced to dare to do the least thing to stop the bleeding—so when Mother returned some time afterwards and found me asleep with the blood dried all over my face. It made her feel quite ill as the sight of blood always made her feel faint and otherwise queer. However a wash and a change of clothes, my appearance was very much improved and the only difference was a scar over the left eye which remains to this day and is often a subject of remark.

Arthur was the next in the family, about whom I have already spoken. Then two more little girls who died before my birth whose names were Charlotte and Louisa. Then came Robert. Robert was the one, after Alice's heart. She just adored him for some reason or other. Most likely on account of his good looks as most certainly he beat us all in looks. So Alice used to carry this baby about in her arms when he was a great deal too heavy for her. Nothing was too much trouble when it was Robert who needed attention. Alice would amuse him, feed him, sing to him—pet him, and what do you think? kiss him, just fancy! He was certainly a most privileged baby to be so favored. He returned her kindness to him later on when a thriving lawyer himself out in Cape Colony. Every Christmas would bring a nice sum of money to her, from him which he never forgot to send.

Robert was educated in Christ's Hospital Bluecoat School, London. Entering this school at the early age of seven he stayed there until he was fifteen, then went to South Africa, where with the exception of a visit once to England he has lived ever since with his wife and only daughter. If Mother did happen to have a pet in the family it was certainly also Robert. He looked so nice in his Bluecoat attire she could not help feeling proud of him and later on he did so well in all ways—was so much smarter than any of the rest of us she would have had more cause than ever in being proud of him, had she lived.

People used to say to Mother sometimes, "Mrs. Hearle, you will never want while you have a son like that?"

We saw so very little of this brother—Fred and I. On account of that we were almost strangers when we did happen

to meet again during the Christmas holidays. Fred was always to the front to help me in time of trouble while Robert was always away so that our lives drifted apart more and more as years rolled on:

Alice liked me to comb her hair sometimes and would keep me at it for too long at a time and when I began to get tired of the job I would get careless and get the hair all tangled around the comb and so tangled up it was impossible for me to get the comb out again. Then Fred would come to the rescue and without Alice knowing about it he would untangle the mess and so save me several smacks. He would also protect me from the mice as I was so afraid of them. He would stand at the foot of the bed and stamp his feet as hard as he could and shout, "Get away. You dare frighten my little sister." Then of course a silence would follow and we would both drop off to sleep before the racket started again. Never once do I remember Freddy speaking crossly to me. He was always kinder to me than anyone else.

In after years when we had been separated for some length of time, other friends were just as kind, but then I was older and it is when we are little especially that we need sympathy and kindness and love so much—all of which to us seemed so rare an article—and if it had not been that Fred and I were so much to each other in those early days there would have been nothing worth writing about for the same conditions would never have existed.

FREDDY GOES AWAY TO SCHOOL

"Everything has a stopping place, but time."

Now comes my first real trouble of any consequence. I am going to lose my brother and playmate, Freddy is going away to school and this is our last day together in Hayle, Cornwall. Thus a series of changes all round. This unknown peril of changes and consequent misery is most terrifying. It is only human when one is in misery to take a certain satisfaction in knowing that misfortune is not a personal monopoly.

When Freddy first found out that he was destined to go away and mix with other boys both bigger and stronger than

himself he felt—with me—that there was trouble ahead for both of us for Alice and I were to be left all alone with Papa and what would happen then? Mummie was to take Fred away to school and would not be back for two or three weeks.

Once more the repetition. "Weeping may endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning."

When we saw the nice new suit of clothes spread on the bed for Fred—light grey ones—fitting him to a nicety our delight knew no bounds. We had both been moving in a garden of dreams—making fresh plans as the days went by, and we knew that there were changes to take place, but we were wide awake now and the very day had arrived when we were to part and Freddy was to go and leave me behind.

There lay his clothes ready to put on and his few little worldly possessions packed away to take with him and he was to be left with a lot of strange boys. At the thought it was hard to suppress a cry but according to my nature and general habit I veiled my trouble with smiles rather than show the agony of my heart in tears when Freddy was looking so brave.

He was beginning to realise the importance of the move and stood opening and shutting his new penknife with a look of tremendous importance and he passed me over some sweets which he had loose in his pocket and also gave me a new lead pencil to draw with when he was gone. He didn't know how long he would be gone but I must ask Mamma. Perhaps she would know.

We went to the station and saw them off without any commotion, and when Alice and I turned away after the departure of the train I felt as if all the life and light of my being had been carried away in that train. I was left desolate. I walked home by the side of Alice only a little girl of eight but weighted down with grief as might be a woman of mature years, completely lost and alone as far as true fellowship was concerned. Still I did not cry or say one word. What was the use? I had to bear it. Alice seemed lonely, too, at that time. When we got home we had tea together without wasting many words, each wrapped up in our own thoughts. I feel sure that Alice was lonely, and very much so, too—as she did not say one word about my going to bed when bedtime came, but we sat up late.

Eleven o'clock came and still we were up. I realized at length that we were waiting up till Papa came home. Though I was not told that much it was quite easy to understand the reason of it. I was better company than none so she allowed me to stay with her, at which I felt rather flattered if the truth be known, though sleep was getting the better of me rather in spite of myself.

At last the front door opened and Father came in, passed our door and walked straight upstairs without uttering one word. Such was our first night alone. We were simply ignored. Then we also retired. The next few days were passed without any moment worth recording. Being left to find my own amusements I did not go far away from the house unless Alice was with me. We were probably brought more together in those days being dependent on one another more or less. It must have made quite a difference in our affections towards one another. I rather think it did.

Notice soon came that Mother was not to return yet for some time; also that Alice was to follow her up.

A home was found for me with two old maids who kept a day school for little ones. Our furniture was sold and the home given up. On the day of the sale I was allowed to go and see what was going on and almost wept when Mother's precious collection of shells were handed over to some strangers who would not value them in the least. Some kind ladies seeing me standing there, bought some little things which they knew were of more value to us than to anyone else and came over and gave them back to me which surprised me very much. I kept these things till I met Mummie again and that was quite a long time after the sale. It was a wonder, too, as I made frequent moves after leaving Cornwall, yet I managed to keep them together somehow.

I must have stayed with these old ladies several months, but not as a pupil as this was only an infant's school, so naturally being with these old people so much drove me to seek my old haunts. The sea was handy and I loved freedom—big spaces. We had loved the sea because it was free to everybody. No one owned it as it were. We were free to come and free to go. We being children of Nature's rearing, its tempests soothed us. The grandeur of the tumbling, foaming waves, fascinated us

to a degree, and for long hours at a time, when Fred and I were together, we would sit on the cliffs watching and drinking in beauties which even at that early age we somehow understood. The sea gulls flying overhead during a storm regarded us as friends. They had no fear of us, as we were not in the habit of robbing their nests, but circled around us uttering sharp and shrill cries almost touching us as they floated to and fro—all of which made it the more fascinating to us. How I missed Freddy! God only knew! I would wander about alone or look out of my bedroom window watching other children play in the streets not caring to join in their games. We had always been taught to keep to ourselves and so it did not occur to me to make friends in that way.

ON THE ROAD TO LONDON

Notice came one morning for me to leave Cornwall. The others having all left and our home broken up I left without any regrets. Never having been on board a train in my life before to my own recollection, it seemed quite a novelty. My Father escorted me to the station and kissed me "Good-bye," saying as the train moved away, "There goes the last of them." If such a young child may be a judge of such things I should say he looked sad and sorry. However that may be, I never saw my Father again, although he lived until I became of age during my stay in France. Alice and Fred were the only ones who ever returned again to Hayle after leaving the first time. From the day that I left Hayle Father ceased to provide for us in any way whatever.

I sat in a carriage with a dilapidated but otherwise precious doll by my side during the first hour or so of the journey, busy in watching the movements and talk of the other passengers. The doll in question should never have been allowed away from the house. Her hair was straggly and matted and the face very much the worse for wear, the enamel peeling off in places and one eye bulged in somewhat making her look anything but pretty. Her dress was also anything but clean and rather scant, but still it was a covering to her otherwise nude condition. Why the old ladies permitted me to carry away this odd looking doll on such an important journey it is hard to explain but I

never dreamt of leaving without Dollie, so I suppose when it was noticed that I was carrying her away they did not like to make any objections for fear of trouble. These old ladies were already exceedingly concerned about my taking this long journey by myself. After due consideration they thought it wiser to sew a large placard on the front of my dress as if I were a parcel of goods:

"MISS GERALDINE HEARLE,
"PASSENGER TO VICTORIA STATION—LONDON.
"TO BE MET BY HER SISTER."

Everyone who came to our carriage took a look first at me, then at the notice and then passed on. This seemed funny at first but I soon became quite accustomed to it and finally expected it. Darkness soon set in and it became impossible to see out of the window. Having no idea whatever what plans had been made about the night and getting dreadfully sleepy and tired about eleven o'clock I was nearly asleep when at one of the stations I fancied I heard someone say, "Is there a little girl here by the name of Geraldine Hearle?" I immediately jumped up and said, "Here she is."

A fine looking man in buttons stood before me and said, "Oh! Then you are to come with me, Miss; I have been sent for you." Grabbing the doll I allowed myself to be lifted out of the train. "Can you walk a little way? It is not far to the house," said Buttons. I take his hand with all confidence not knowing why or where we were going. The man said, "Come," and I went, nothing loath. After about three minutes' walk a large building came in view—lighted up from top to bottom. It looked quite fairylike and beautiful and as we approached nearer, figures could be seen moving about on the verandah of the second story. When we got near enough to hear what was being said a lady's voice called out, "Was she there, James?" "Yes, Ma'am, she is here!" All this happened in a very short time and then I found myself walking up some lovely carpeted stairs to some room above and enter a big drawing room where there were some ladies sitting around. One or two arose as I entered seemingly quite struck at my untidy appearance.

I must here explain that my head had been more outside of the window than inside during the most part of the journey so

that it was not strange that my face was smutty and dirty, my hair was also in a mass of tangle, all of which was quite immaterial to me. Vanity was never one of my failings, especially in those days—so there I stood before these ladies, quite unconcerned about my appearance—answering questions as they were put to me. “Was I tired or hungry?” “Would I like to go straight to bed or stay up a little while?”

Feeling too sleepy to care to eat I preferred to go to bed, and said so. The bell was then rung, a young girl appeared upon the scene who was told to put me to bed. Following this girl up another flight of stairs she took me into a room where stood a tremendous bed in the centre of it.

I MEET RELATIONS

“Am I to sleep in there?” I asked almost fearfully at the pomposity of the whole thing. “Will you sleep with me? Oh, do please, I shall be lost in that big bed. It is a great deal too big for me.”

“No, Miss, indeed I must not.” She smiled and began to take off some of my clothes, at which I protested saying that I could take them off myself. “Won’t you let me help you, Miss?” “No, I can do it myself,” I protested, but finally let the girl undo my boots as there was a knot in the lace which I could not manage very well.

The unusual softness of this feather bed kept me awake for some time. I tossed about considerably, until utterly worn out, I at last dropped off into a sound sleep and did not hear any one come into the room early the next morning and touch me gently, saying, “Come, little girl. It is time to get up again. You have to catch the train which will soon be along.” I sat up and rubbed my eyes and said, “What train? Where am I? and what did you say you wanted me to do?”

“You must let me dress you quickly, Miss, or you will be late,” “Oh, yes, I remember now. You put me to bed didn’t you last night?”

My clothes were hurriedly slipped on without any protests, I was altogether too tired to make the least objection about anything. With face washed and hair neatly brushed, I was led downstairs to the dining room, still but half awake and tottery.

There were only two ladies present that morning and they were complete strangers to me. It was not till some years after that I found out who these relations really were.

I leave myself sitting at breakfast on that particular morning and launch off the subject in order to explain how it was I got into that particular house on my way to London.

My mother was beside herself with worry trying to arrange how I was to be brought up to London and join my sisters, who were both in an excellent school, of which more further on, and to avoid the expense of fetching me and a night journey being unavoidable she wrote to her married sister who usually lived in Devonshire but had moved for the summer to the town of — and rented a large residence near the station for a few months. My Mother had written and asked them to meet the train and put me up for the night sending me on the next day. It was their footman who had come to fetch me. These relations got me up early in the morning before I was half awake and shipped me off before I was even awake enough to eat any breakfast or hardly notice my surroundings. One lady happened to be present on the night of my arrival with whom I stayed a few months later on in my life and it was she who then told me all the particulars of that night of which I was not acquainted.

She had begged and implored her sister-in-law, my Aunt Georgina, to keep me for a little while if only till the following morning, but she steadfastly refused because of my being so rough and untidy. They had no idea of trying to make me a little more presentable. They might just as well have left me to stay the night in the train for I could have rested just as well if not better. This poor, neglected, homeless and motherless little girl was sent on without word of sympathy or kindness.

The lady who spoke so pleadingly in my favour was childless and, as she told me afterwards, longed to take me in her arms dirt and all and claim me as her own. Just a wash and clean up would have done wonders and a little clean dress, but—No. They were afraid lest they should be asked to do more. They had their own children to do for and besides that, they had already Arthur who was being taught with their own boys

and he was trouble enough. Of course, they couldn't keep this child one night longer than was necessary and Fredrica did not expect them to either.

Such was the verdict and I was roused early the next morning to go. My kind friend and childless mother was one of those up early to see me once more. On leaving she ventured to put her face to mine and gave me a tender and motherly caress, saying "Goodbye, dear. I am afraid you are very tired." "Oh! no, not now. I am going to see Mamma soon. I haven't seen her for such a long time and so the train musn't go without me. I like the train. It is such fun looking out of the window. No one minds what I do a bit. Where is my doll? She must come, too."

Mrs. Lucas squeezed my hand and kissed me once more, saying, "Poor little soul." I didn't know why as I did not feel poor in the least. Far from it as I had all that was needful, except, Mamma and I was going to her. There was no doubt that I must have looked a strange little being with the large placard sewn on the front of my dress and in addition to that there was the dilapidated doll. But all of these things could have been remedied.

Aunt Georgina was getting fidgetty as the time approached for me to go it was plain enough to see, while Mrs. Lucas looked sorry as she watched my shabby little coat being hurriedly placed on my shoulders. Wide awake now and seizing the doll I made towards the door where stood the handsome man with the buttons who fetched me the night before. Willingly and almost joyfully I reached out once more and took hold of James' hand, feeling a sort of delight and relief in being able to leave this household of pride and restraint behind me. Mrs. Lucas was the only one who brightened the spot. This feeling of being where one shouldn't be was deep within me. Mrs. Lucas had troubles of her own and many of them. My story may refer to her again later on as we were destined to meet again.

JOURNEY TO LONDON CONTINUED

James and I trotted on towards the station. My tongue now let loose as the beautiful and freedom of the outside air

made itself felt. Flowers in abundance on both sides of the walk filled one full of rapture. Birds twittering in the trees by way of encouragement, I literally screamed with delight. It was all so beautiful and pure. No wonder my Aunt had chosen this lovely spot by way of a change.

"Look, Miss. See that squirrel?" "Where? Yes, I see now. What a funny little thing. I have never seen one like it before. Are there lots of them here? Do you think I could catch one and take it with me? It would be so nice to have one of my own."

"Oh, no, Miss; they are too sharp to catch, they let you get quite close and then jump away."

All too soon we were at the station and the train arrived almost as soon as we got there. After being lifted in by James, off we went, Dollie and I once more. She was put on the seat while I poked out my head to see the last of my kind escort who watched and waved his hand as long as the train was in sight. I took out my one and only decent handkerchief and waved it to him as I had so often seen people do from the steamers. Unfortunately the wind caught and blew it right out of my hand and away it went to my great grief and consternation towards the station again. I saw James turn and pick it up. It was one of my Mother's which she had left behind and I valued it very much.

A GENTLEMAN FRIEND

Nothing of consequence happened during the journey till the afternoon when a gentleman stepped into our carriage and sat down opposite me and the doll, and soon my restless movements attracted his attention, doubtless, and he began to speak to me and asked me various questions about where I had come from? Where going and why alone, etc.? All of which questions it pleased me only too well to answer as the time was beginning to drag somewhat and there had been no one to speak to for some time. All those who got in soon got out again and so no acquaintances had been made. This gentleman loved children and seemed to understand their ways. He took me on his knee and listened patiently to my talk, and sure enough there was lots to tell. We were intensely amused

and interested with one another. Then, lovely to relate, a boy came to the carriage selling ripe strawberries. The gentleman first bought two baskets and when those were gone he bought others. We just had the time of our lives, at least in my opinion that is to say. Being so taken up with my new friend and the strawberries Dollie was fairly forgotten and neglected and lay across the seat in a dangerous position. An old man came in and squatted heavily on her poor head without noticing where he had planted himself or caring either. On stirring himself there was poor Dollie's face all bulged in on one side. I grabbed hold of her looking angrily at the inpassive old man who appeared quite unconscious of what had happened. The tears rolled down my face with indignation. Holding Dollie close to my side, I sobbed to break my heart. The feeling for my doll was genuine and real otherwise it would never have been brought away from Cornwall. All there was left of the family as it were, "Nobody cared for me and I cared for nobody" sort of business. So there was only Dollie to talk to, sleep with, cry with, walk with and finally travel with. How could I do other than love her? Just then she was all the world to me. My friend tried to give me all the consolation that he could. Holding me on one knee and Dollie on the other, he managed to straighten the dent in the face by carefully squeezing the cheeks together and smoothing down the hair a bit. Dollie most certainly did look more presentable and like herself. I was also promised another new doll to take her place. Finally the time came when my kind friend had to leave me as his journey had come to an end. He had in a way prepared me for this, by saying that he was nearing the place where he had to get out and that I should have to go on alone, so when the time came for him to get off I was in a way not unprepared and although the tears were very near the surface I bravely kept them from overflowing. So we kissed and parted, he putting something in my hand as he said, "to buy a new Dollie with," which, on inspection, turned out to be a gold piece but its value was unknown to me. However the gold piece was not destined to be of any use to me for on my arrival in London a few hours later, although I knew for certain that this money had been given to me it was not on my person anywhere to be found.

The Miss Angoves had, on my leaving, given me several pieces of silver and coppers which had been given to me by various ladies who met me on the street at different times. These were friends of my mother's who gave me something "for goodies" as they said. All these were loose in my pocket, but the gold piece was "*non est*." I must have peeped at it too often and then dropped it.

On arriving in London there was the usual bustle and confusion at the station, but Alice soon discovered me and without salutation of any kind took my hand and pushed her way through the crowd to the nearest waiting room where she could wash my face and tidy my hair a bit. Then she hailed a cab, promising me another clean up when we got to our destination.

Once in the cab, Alice noticed the doll apparently for the first time. "Good gracious, Genie, you cannot take that hideous old doll to the house where we are going," she cried, looking out of the window, half intending to throw it out. But as it would be impossible to do so without somebody seeing her, she looked around for a place to hide it, and lifting up the curtain around the seat, she pushed it out of sight, saying, "Now, mind you, leave it there." The old feeling of fear coming back to me as Alice ordered me around prevented my saying a word. "Your hair is awful. I shall cut it all off before you go to bed tonight and not let the others see you before it is done either."

My good spirits left me. I felt flat and depressed. The same old thing! If my dress and hair is wrong it is not my fault. Why don't the people fix me up right. I just wear the clothes that are given to me to put on without a murmur whatever they may be, never questioning anything about them. It is hard to satisfy people in this world. If a person is too vain about their appearance, that is wrong too. Dress was never one of my failings. There is enough trouble without that. I felt consolation in the thought that maybe the cabman had a little girl at home who might be glad of Dollie. "Good thought! Splendid!" My thoughts are to myself, not aloud. It did not occur to me to inquire as to where we were going. No doubt Alice knew. Will Mother be there? I began to be doubtful about seeing her at all. Everything seemed strange and uncertain. At last the cabman stopped at a large house with a garden in front and iron railings and stone steps leading up to

the front door. Alice got out first, then handed me out. We ran up the steps and were both just disappearing inside when the cabman called out to me, "Wait, Missie, here is your doll."

AT CLIFTON HOUSE

He met me half-way up the steps and handed my old dear to me. "Oh, joy! I had got her back again once more. Alice stood looking as black as thunder but did not say a word—she couldn't.

Nobody met us at the door and Alice took me up the stairs, evidently to her own room, and immediately began the hair cutting and cleaning process, which lasted longer than I care to say. Twice someone knocked at the door to ask if we were ready to have some tea, but Alice refused to go "Till she had finished." It was a long time since I had had anything to eat and I was very hungry.

The house in which I found myself turned out to be a young Ladies' Finishing School. No girls under fifteen were admitted to this establishment. Accomplishments were mostly taught to girls finishing their education. It was only as a great favor that the lady principal, Miss Heathcoat, had consented to my remaining there for a few months, under my sister's care, until my mother had been able to make further arrangements about me. Alice was to take the entire charge of me, even to giving me a reading lesson daily. She took great pleasure in my appearance, curling my refractory locks and fixing me up generally, to her own satisfaction. Those curls used to annoy me very much. When twisted up in curl papers at night, they would sometimes keep me awake. Some would be as hard as pebbles. By constant tugging at these offenders one or two would get loosened and come undone altogether. Alice used to be angry when this occurred and do them up again, scolding all the time. One night these stiff curls were worse than usual. It was impossible to lay my head comfortably on the pillow. Trying all kinds of ways to get ease and failing to do so, I got desperate and dragged out two of the ones which offended me the most. Soon after this Alice came up to bed and discovering the loosened curls immediately on entering the room she yanked me out of bed. Although I feigned to be sound asleep, I failed to deceive

my most severe sister and instructress. I was pushed into a clothes cupboard with just my nightrobe on and there had to remain for half an hour. It was impossible to get out as the key was turned on me. There I stood shivering, breathing not a word until her ladyship thought proper to open the door and let me out. The curl papers were then put in and twisted tighter than ever for extra punishment. There was no difficulty in getting to sleep after that in spite of hard feeling and indignation towards the world in general and Alice in particular. My hair always had been a trouble to me. There was so much of it, masses in fact. My brothers used at one time to call me "Big-a-mat," a name which stuck to me for quite a time.

My Mother gave me a nicer name than that—a name that I practically gave to myself. One day a baby was brought in and laid down on the sofa asleep. I heard my Mother say on looking down at it—"What an innocent little thing she looks!"—and so later on, when noticing the baby I tried to repeat what Mother had said. Pointing to the baby, I said, "Ook, Mum! I'ttle inny sin sin." After which Mother took to calling me "Innis-in-sin," and which became her pet name for me. I was indeed sorry to find on arriving in London that Mother was not there as I fully expected to meet her again, but she was not so it was of no use making a fuss. I only learned that she was quite a long way off.

I was very happy and comfortable at Clifton House, but how long I stayed there I am unable to say. The girls and governesses were exceedingly kind and indulgent. I was fondled and petted by all without exception, and if Alice was too strict the others were too lenient, so everything went swimmingly. I may fairly and truthfully say that the days spent in Clifton House were the happiest of my life. It was there that I made girl friends for the first time in my life. Hitherto boys had been my daily companions, my sisters being older and having their own ways and friends. The friends made in Clifton House were friends for a lifetime in whom I could confide both in my joys and my sorrows, a thing quite new and almost mysterious to me. Later on when old enough to take my place as a scholar these things struck me more vividly. The girls were so gentle and true—no backbiting or unkind words. We all seemed like one family, sympathizing and loving one another, which made it

remarkable as a community of girls all working for the same object—namely, the desire to obtain all the knowledge possible in the time allotted for our stay in that particular place.

However, to return to the days when I was a little child and taken into this haven of rest and contentment. During the class hours I would run wild, in and out of doors, through the pantry and kitchens, grabbing a handful of lump sugar whenever there was a chance, into the green house for bunches of grapes when they were ripe, up and down stairs unmolested, never still for one moment and never tired till Alice marched me off to bed for the night. Now and again feeling weary of my own company, I would peep into a class room, hoping to be allowed in, but there was where my liberty ended. Never by any chance would any of the governesses allow me to remain for one moment at a time in a class room during lesson hours, except during drawing lessons. I would then be given a pencil and piece of paper. Owing to that, drawing became the recreation which pleased me the most. It became a pleasure of which I never tired, especially when my pictures were praised as being somewhat correct. Dancing was another favorite pastime. The girls would at first take and swing me around the room, but I soon got to be able to keep step to the music myself and loved to do so. There were times when hearing dance music going on after I had been put to bed I would cry so much that one of the girls would come and dress me again and take me back with her to the room where they were having the fun.

A VISIT TO DEVONSHIRE

Alice leaves Clifton House, and as there is no one to take charge of me I next find myself in Devonshire, but do not remember when the removal took place or how—Miss Heathcoat's private residence, near Tiverton, in a place called Bolham, where she had a splendid estate, part of which was turned also into a young ladies' school. In all there were four schools—three in London, the gardens of which joined one another and this one in Tiverton, which was considered the best and in which the choicest pupils were placed. It was an ideal spot. Cows were kept to supply the school with lovely thick Devonshire cream, apple orchards of all sorts and descriptions, from the inferior

kinds the servants made the loveliest sparkling cider of which the girls were permitted to partake at stated periods. Here I grew and thrived, but for how long I am again unable to say. My life in such a spot was one free of sorrow and restraint. Indeed, there were times when free from any sort of real discipline, I was naughty and disobedient, and even daring. If any one was calling me, and it was against my inclination to go in, I would climb up a high tree and perch upon one of the top-most branches and watch the people moving about below. It was a favorite resort, and sometimes the cat was carried up, too, and allowed to climb down again when I had got tired of it.

The housekeeper was a dear, kind lady of large dimensions whose tear bottle was always full and running over. At the mention of anything the least bit melancholy those tears would flow readily. She was so full of sympathy if anything funny was said, this dear old lady was just as ready to laugh immoderately as she was to cry about nothing. Her name was Mrs. Cross.

Mrs. Cross, was for the time being, a mother to me, and I treated her as such, and loved her. She had two daughters who took part in the teaching of the scholars. They had been educated in this same school as they were now teaching and getting a salary. There was also a little son about my own age. He was my playmate, but being an only son and spoilt, he always wanted his own way, and so we often fell out. Occasionally Master Willie would get punished and shut up in his bedroom for a time—then my sympathy would be aroused and I would throw apples up to his window for him to catch which he sometimes managed to do after several vain attempts. On looking back on those times I recall the day when Willie served me a very shabby trick. We had disagreed on some small matter when Willie's temper got the better of him and he rushed at me open-fisted to give me a blow, but I was ready for him and ran away full speed. Dodging here and there, Willie, being the fastest, was gaining on me every second. Finally, coming across a shed I rushed in and slipped the latch when inside. Willie tried to force the door, but failing in the attempt he tried another dodge and fastened me in from the outside. I was a prisoner, safe and sound, until his lordship thought it right to let me out. I was there the whole of the afternoon, and not a soul came near me or even missed me till tea time. The meal was nearly half

over when someone said, "Well, where is Genie? I have not seen her all the afternoon?" All eyes were immediately fixed on Willie, who quietly goes on eating, without saying a word. It was not till he was actually addressed that he admitted that he had shut me up in one of the outhouses. Oh! He was a cruel fellow. How could he have been so hard and unfeeling? By the time that I was released I had got good and sulky and refused to eat anything except to lick off the jam from my bread. Willie got a scolding, but did not care in the least. But it was not the same with me. I hated Willie for days after and refused to play or join in any of his games. But this could not be kept up for ever so I stifled my bad feelings and we became friends once more, for a time at any rate. I had made up my mind never to speak to him again.

A boy is so different to a girl. There are so many phases in his life. He casts off skirts at a very early period and drops them with contempt. In his own opinion he is then a man and struts about in his short pants with his hands in his pockets with an air of importance. In a real sense this is the beginning of his manhood. At least he feels so. His curls are one day amputated, which gives him a sense of freedom never felt before. Each one who meets him makes the same remark, which pleases him immensely. "You are quite a man now!" No curls and new pants." He shakes himself gleefully in his new token of manly strength, and so he goes on—ever onward—from one lock to another in the world's onward course—games of football, cricket, swimming, riding, skating, dancing, all intermingled with lessons and education. Finally a professional and partner in which the romance never ends.

A girl's life has no such variety. Skirts are her abiding portion—from long infant's clothes to her shroud. Her curls, uncut and undisturbed, thicken with the years. Nothing for her but the long weary way of girlhood—sometimes one of poverty. More often than enough, one long run of abstinence, want and sacrifice. No future promise of a source or outlet to lift her out of the deep chasm in which she is involved. She starts out from the beginning on very uncertain feet. The light of heaven plays upon us all. Were it not so, our lives would indeed be sad and sorrowful.

There is oceans of God's fresh pure air everywhere and not denied to anyone. There is also plenty of brightness and merriment—frank laughter and happiness to be found wherever youth is to be found. We are aware of it and live for it, yearn for it and enjoy it on every possible occasion. Our lives are not meant to be a burden to us, but a joy! Sad to say, it is to some more of a burden than a joy. Often the causes and circumstances not of their own making.

In speaking of my life in the care of Miss Heathcoat's lady friends or teachers, I have omitted to explain who this lady was, and what was her object in keeping these schools.

There is in Tiverton, even to this day, a factory for the manufacture of Honiton lace, which belonged in those early days to Miss Heathcoat's father. He was the first to manufacture this valuable lace and employed a great many men daily, and made a large amount of money. He had only two children, one of whom was unfortunatley a cripple. Mr. Heathcoat was able to leave his daughters a considerable amount of money on his decease, but as the one was a cripple she did not need but very little of it for her own use. She therefore spent the greater part of her income in doing good to others. Buying at first the place in Bolham, near Tiverton, as her own home and as a school for young ladies unable to pay a big price to finish their education, she took each girl for half the price it would take otherwise for the best of tuition, professors included. It was indeed a charitable act on her part and the good she did in many cases besides it would be hard to relate. Miss Heathcoat's relatives were much against so much money being spent in this way, but as they had no right to interfere in the matter they very wisely held their tongues. The girls, on leaving this school were fitted to launch out on their own account as governesses. There was not the demand for diplomas in those days as there is in the present time.

Although Miss H. was so philanthropic and Christianlike in all her ways, sad to relate, she failed to attract the sympathy or affection of those to whom she was so beneficent. It is impossible to explain the why or the wherefore of this fact, but such was the case. Instead of love there existed a sort of fear. We none of us cared to meet her without feeling a dread of doing something that might call for her censure while she was present,

and a sense of relief when she limped away to inspect another room. It was the same also with the governesses. They had the very same expression of relief on their faces as we had when this poor little lady left the room. She usually visited the school-rooms as a matter of duty, but living most of the time in her own private apartments; living and sleeping in the one room—away from the din and confusion caused by the pupils. There she was attended to and companioned by Mrs. Crass, Willie's mother, who kept the old lady as quiet and amused as possible, also keeping her informed about what was going on in the school.

Times and again I would be called up and tried for various offences: One one occasion, I was so muddled up in my defence, I finally burst out crying in desperation. Miss H. softened at that, saying, "Well, now, Genie! Tell me what is the matter." I answered, between sobs, "I don't know what else to say." At which she smiled and liberated me once more. Sometimes much to my delight Miss Heathcoat would allow me to push her around the grounds in her bath chair, but this did not happen often enough to please me and so I would take the chair out without her. Nobody interfered with me about this but Miss H. herself, and every time she saw me and the chair away from the house, she would send someone to bring me back. One afternoon I had most persistently moved the chair away in spite of being told not to several times. I was in a very disobedient mood or in want badly of occupation. It ended in my being shut up in one of the best front rooms for punishment. Here there was amusement for a time but getting tired after the first half hour, I find on examining the window that it would be quite easy to open it and step out on to the lawn. No sooner thought than acted upon. I was out like a shot and seeing no one around, slipped out of the side gate opening on to a lane not frequented by us very often. This being considered the safest spot and the house hidden by high hedges, I ran down the lane like a hunted hare, not stopping till out of breath and sure of security. Here I notice for the first time the clang of a hammer and find myself close to a blacksmith's shop. I stood in the doorway gasping for breath, after my recent exertion. "Hello, Missie; where did you come from?" was the friendly greeting.

This naturally encouraged me in making further advances. This was a safe spot to stay. No one would even think of

finding me here. I step in and begin talking to the blacksmith and answering his questions. "I live in the big house over there," pointing in the direction from which I had come, but not referring to the fact that it was a runaway. The man, thinking everything all right allowed me to remain and I amused myself with his tools and bellows for the rest of the afternoon. In fact, it was a glorious time altogether. Quite late that evening some one came to the shop and looked in. There I was blowing the bellows and chatting away to the blacksmith as happy as a lark, unconscious of the fact that my little escapade had caused the whole household a very anxious time. Miss Heathcoat was in a highly nervous state on finding that I was nowhere to be found on the premises and had ordered the village to be searched. No sign of me anywhere to be found. The blacksmith's shop was the last resort. I had never been known to go down that way, so no one thought for one moment that I would be there. You may imagine their surprise and relief at finding me at least safe and sound, and everyone forgot even to scold. On leaving the shop I called out, "Good-bye, man; I shall come again soon." It was certainly my intention to do so, but after that little affair I was more closely watched and there was never such a chance again.

Miss Heathcoat was terribly nervous of trains and although she liked spending the winter in London close to her schools located there, it would be a long time before she had nerve enough to board the train to take her. Her carriage and pair would follow her where ever she was to stay. It was a well known fact that no less than three times Miss Heathcoat would be driven to Tiverton to board the train for London and when getting there would be too nervous to get on board and order the coachman to take her home again. On account of the horses and carriage this would sometimes be very inconvenient, as sometimes they would be shipped and sent off without her and Miss Heathcoat would be without any conveyance of her own for six weeks at a time before she could get nerve to follow them up. It was the same thing when she wished to return to Devonshire. The trouble all over again. She had a lovely pair of horses. They had to be very quiet to suit her ladyship. So King, the coachman, would exercise them daily whether they were in request or not so that they should not get too gay. King had been

Miss Heathcoat's coachman for years. He and I were great friends. My chief delight would be to slip into the stable when not noticed and watch these horses being groomed, sitting on one of the top steps of the ladder leading up to the loft where I was quite safe and chat to King while he did his grooming. He would at times exercise the horses in the yard instead of taking them out and that was indeed rare fun. I would watch them from the window and shriek with delight at the antics and frolic of those horses. They would stand on their hind legs and paw at one another then race around the yard and just act up like playful kittens.

About four o'clock King would have a cup of tea brought out to him and as he did not take sugar and there were always two lumps placed in the saucer he would pass them on to me and I always expected them, too. To be sure King would often find me no end of a nuisance especially when the grapes were ripe or ripening in the greenhouse. At those times I would be after his heels like a pet dog and wait till he opened the greenhouse door and then slip in after him. Occasionally King would be very obdurate and it would take a mint of persuasion to make him give in, but give in he always did, in the end, if only to get rid of me. His heart was the softest part of his big burly body. His wife always lived in Tiverton where she had a nice cottage at one of the entrances of the Bolham estate and she never moved from there. She was a dear old lady. I used to go and see her sometimes. It may seem that I had too much liberty in those days but I must again add that although I was in this school I was too young to attend the classes. There was nothing else to do but visit others in their sphere of work and get in their way. People did not mind as long as I did not get too naughty. On very special occasions I was taken for a drive when Miss H. went but always sat outside with King, chatting all the time. It was far preferable to sitting inside and having to be so proper. Freedom at any price!

During all this time I was not fated to meet Fred again or Mother either, but I got news of them both.

When leaving Cornwall in order to take Freddy to school it was fully her intention to return in a few days' time, taking the opportunity to visit some of her relations. She was thinking of returning when she received a letter from an old friend begging

her to go and see her in Weymouth as soon as she could manage it, so Mother went. Miss Waller was old and lonely. She had four servants and all that was required to make life possible, but lacked real friendship and sympathy from others. This was a pitiful case—not one of a few but one of a million of the kind. A brother and sister had recently died and she was the only one left to face death and the dreary end alone. Servants “to watch and wait,” but not weep.

“Mrs. Hearle,” she said, “Do not leave me. Stay with me. Do, please. You are not happy in your home nor am I happy here alone with the servants. Come here and stay. Your children can come here to spend their holidays with you so you can often see them that way. Do not leave me to the mercy of the servants. I feel my mind going the same way as the other members of the family. They went childish at the last and I shall do the same. The feeling is on me strongly at times and I am afraid to be left living on in this way. My mind and head get foggy at times. When the news came that you were visiting in these parts I felt I must write to you and beg you to lift me out of this terrible deep chasm into which I am daily drifting. Do stay with me to the end which is not far off. I am not ill, but the brain is weak and feeble.

MISS WALLER

“It is impossible for me to control my thoughts and mind for long at a time. Here I live alone with the servants, at their mercy. They live happily in their old quarters, while I am here alone in these big rooms, unloved, uncared for. My meals are brought to me and I have them alone with Andrews, who waits upon me. Here there is enough for me and yours and to spare. Children’s voices to fill the air and atmosphere! Just to think of it makes my heart leap for joy! Me, in my near dotage, surrounded by youth and I shall be one with you, sharing your joy and laughter. Oh! Mrs. Hearle, God has sent you here for the purpose of caring for me and at the same time making a home for your children. You are in need and so am I. I have plenty. You shall be paid well for devoting your time to me, and you shall never regret the step you may take. Only say you will stay and everything else shall be arranged.”

This was the drift of what poor Miss Waller said. Mother considered the matter over and finally decided to stay at Weymouth with Miss Waller. She was to have £200 or \$1000 a year and her children to visit her during their holiday term.

Mother was very much worried about Alice and me being left in Cornwall and finally, as Ada was in one of Miss Heathcoat's schools, she wrote to this old lady about having us there for a while and we were admitted on the terms already mentioned. Alice and I had a bedroom given to us in Miss H.'s private apartments where we could adjourn whenever we pleased. The house and furniture in Hayle were sold and we left there forever, as before stated.

I GET THE MEASLES

Mother was three years before getting me into St. Anne's Royal School, Brixton. The same school as Fred was. There was also a girl's section, but the vacancies were filled up so quickly every one had to wait their turn. No children were admitted before seven and not kept after fifteen. They gave the best of education and the children under strict discipline. The institution was for the sons and daughters of professional men who, owing to some unlooked for reverses, had been reduced in income. Mother was getting quite discouraged about ever getting me in this school when a lady in Tiverton, wife of a doctor, and recently become a widow and childless, desired to have me for a few months to fill up the gap her life had sustained. So my home was now with this lady. She kept two servants and was comfortably off. There was a day school next door and I attended this school during the day. There I also caught the measles, the first sickness I had ever had, and it went hard with me. I was quite ill and feverish for days, calling out continually for drink of some kind which was denied me. The nights were long and dreary. No one came near me but the servants and the doctor. Mrs. Colquhoun never came me after the first day that I was taken sick. On inquiring after her, the servant told me that "the missus" was also sick and down with the measles, confined to her room. She was at her worst when I began to recover and get hungry. The only food given to me was a little thin gruel three times a day. This seemed to me most awfully

hard. I could think of nothing else all day but eating, and begged the servants to bring me something up to eat, but they said they dared not do it as the doctor said not. They at last took pity on me, and the last thing at night would bring me up two lovely slices of toast on their way upstairs to bed. I would wait for this feast till quite late and could not settle down to sleep until I got it. I had been hungry all day and the toast did me no harm, so the servants broke the restrictions and gave it to me and I loved them for it. They also understood me better than their Mistress and I preferred to be with them, too, but this was not allowed as a general thing.

Mrs. Colquhoun recovered in due time and was soon well enough to have an interview with me. Sitting up in bed, propped up with highly flounced pillows, her night-gown trimmed with the most beautiful of lace and hair falling loosely over her shoulders, her ladyship had more the appearance of a queen than one of her common subjects. I stood for the moment transfixed and bewildered, forgetting to speak or make any remark whatever. After being in my own plainly furnished room for at least three weeks and seeing no one but the servants, and coming into this fairylike abode, I was so taken by surprise, Mrs. Colquhoun brought me to my senses by remarking, "Well, Genie; have you nothing to say? Can't you speak? What is the matter?" "Nothing," I answered. "Only you look so pretty. Can I stay here for a little while? I am so tired of being upstairs and want to go down again." "Well, no; you must stay in your room a little longer. But, look here, I have something for you and you can take it back to your room to play with."

As she says this she draws out from behind the curtain, which hung so artistically around the bed, a large, life-sized doll with beautiful long, fair curls surrounding her head and a dainty pink dress and lace overskirt, underclothes of dainty make to match, all made and fixed by the lady herself, while sitting up in bed on recovering somewhat from the measles. My visit downstairs was over in a very short time, and I find myself remounting the stairs to my room again, carrying my handsome present, which, strange to say, I do not show the right sort of appreciation that I should have. There was a lack of enthusiasm and gratitude for Mrs. Colquhoun's extreme kindness in giving me this nice present, but I felt lonely and

depressed at such a long imprisonment. The time and hours dragged unmercifully. The doll was certainly most welcome, but she did not by any means fill up the terrible gap that this long illness had made. The yearning for companionship was tense and never to be forgotten. No doll ever took the place of the one brought from Cornwall. I loved them all, but not in the same way.

I walked slowly back to my room, heavy hearted and sad. The tears were very near the surface and my throat actually pained me through the intense effort to suppress refractory sobs which would burst out inadvertently. "What would Mrs. C. think if she heard me doing anything of the kind, after giving me this lovely doll?" The doll didn't seem just what was wanted somehow!

It was freedom, fresh air, companionship which was wanted, intermingled with a plentiful supply of love and sympathy. To describe which, I crib from Samuel Smiles, who says, "Sympathy is one of the great secrets of life. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. It melts the hardest of hearts, and develops the better part of human nature. It is one of the great truths on which Christianity is based." That describes my feelings so well just at that time; I seemed to yearn for something human. No inanimate doll would satisfy this yearning. It might have done so at one time, but that time was passed. The room seemed duller and heavier than ever.

"Had I not been in that room long enough?" Just fancy! Three whole weeks. No one to talk to and no one to care how lonely I was. If I had been really a naughty child I should have turned around and fled down into the area where the servants were. But having been taught obedience from an early age I stifled my feelings and remained where I was sent, only omitting to shut my door though, and peeped over the banisters to see if Mrs. Colquhoun's door was open or shut, but as it was shut again I took off my shoes and walked about the passage, crept about rather, for fear of being heard. To cheer up things a trifle one of the servants came in with a light lunch composed of fruit and biscuits which was very acceptable.

"Do stay with me, Mary; just for a little while, and let me show you my new doll. She is such a beauty, and her eyes open and shut like ours."

"Say, Miss; you are a lucky girl and no mistake. I have never seen such a beauty."

"Tell me, Mary, when can I bring her downstairs and show the others? I am quite well now, and am always kept up here. I want to go to Mother. All the other children are playing outside and I am always kept in."

"Well, Miss, the doctor hash't given any orders yet for you to leave your room, so we can't let you do so, but he will be coming again tomorrow to see Missus and perhaps he will say that you can come down. It will not be long now before you will be able to do so I am sure. But, heavens, Miss, I must be going or cook will be after me, and I don't want to leave this place yet while I am getting such good wages. But, see here, Miss, honour bright, I will sit with you—for sure—a long time this evening when the work is done, and I will tell you some stories."

The next day the doctor gave me permission to leave my room. Mrs. Colquhoun was still to keep hers and she remained in state till the last moment. All my time was spent with the girls, and we were as happy as possible while it lasted. I could do as I pleased and eat and drink as much as I liked. But this kind of thing could not last for ever. Mrs. C. came down in due time and I had to quit my visits to the area and remain with her. One thing was noticeable, although Mrs. C. was now quite well, the doctor was in the habit of still coming, but not to see me, though I was usually hustled out of the room as soon as the doctor's knock was heard and the consultation was usually quite lengthy.

"Aren't you well, yet?" I ventured to ask one day after one of these particular visits. "Why, of course, child. Why do you ask?"

"Only because the doctor still comes and he only comes when a person is sick"

"Well, dear," she said, "I am cured of the measles now, but my heart is rather bad and the doctor is quite anxious about it."

This explanation satisfied me all right, and it was not referred to again. However, Mrs. C.'s heart became so bad it was thought necessary for the doctor to remain with her all the time, and the next thing we heard was that her name had been

changed to Mrs. Scott for the future, which quite altered the state of affairs, for there was to be another change for me and one for the better.

It may be remembered that on my journey to London I met a lady called Mrs. Lucas. The only one who took a kindly and motherly interest in the poor little, neglected mite of a girl who arrived from Cornwall on the way to London, needing protection and got only hard looks. Mrs. Lucas, hearing of Mrs. C.'s marriage, also that I would not be needed there any longer, sent for me to come to her. She lived only a few miles away, at Baron's Down, Dulverton. My things were packed together. How happy I felt in this change it would be hard to say, as my heart never went out to Mrs. C. nor hers to me, if the truth be known, so we parted the very best of friends with no regrets.

It was arranged for the postman to take me as far as Dulverton. From there I was to be fetched by the coachman from Baron's Down estate. It would be too early for Mrs. Lucas to meet me. In those days the postman drove from town to town when they were not too far apart.

ON BARON'S DOWN ESTATE

Ready by daylight and seated by the side of the postman on a glorious and clear morning, my small tin box at my feet; which answered as a footstool, I experienced the most delightful ride I ever had in my lifetime. A very different little girl to the one who left Cornwall, now two years ago. My hair was long, but well kept; and my dress dainty and attractive. With a scarlet cloak flung carelessly over my shoulders and red gloves to match, I was all that could be desired. The picture we made on this memorable lovely summer morning is still as vivid as ever. The postman seemed glad of my company. He talked to me and explained everything as we passed along the road. The pony trotted along at his best gait, heedless of his surrounding only bent on getting to his next feed of oats. Every now and again he would prick up his ears and glide to one side as a rabbit skidded across the road, or a frightened bird flew over our heads. This was rather alarming to me at first, and caused me to grab hold of my companion's arm for protection, at which he would

assure me that "Dollie was all right, only a little fresh." Which expression was quite new to me, and I asked if horses were ever "stale," at which he laughed and I wondered why.

"Well, she just feels good and ready to go." That is all he answered, and then I seemed to understand.

This was the first ride of the kind I had ever had. I had driven in omnibuses and private carriages but never in a two-wheeled cart, and so close to the horse. This was quite a new adventure. It was most exhilarating, fascinating and glorious. What with the beauty of the surroundings and the invigorating freshness of the morning air, when the horse made a plunge towards the running stream which played on each side of the road, the excitement induced me to shout out and wave my hands, resulting in the loss of one of my red gloves, for which I was very sorry, as they were just new. We looked back on the road as far as we could see, but nothing was in sight so we had to go on without. How many miles we went I do not know, but we eventually arrived in Dulyerton, and I was put down at a cottage where the people were already stirring about, although it could not have been more than seven o'clock. I got out very reluctantly. I had enjoyed this drive so much and liked the postman, too. Breakfast was ready for the family, just plain bread and butter and tea, but, oh, such bread! I had never tasted the like before. The women spread me a slice as I was very hungry after my drive. It was very acceptable. I never enjoyed such bread and butter as I enjoyed that. It was home made bread which accounted for its being so sweet and palatable, and the first I had ever been fortunate enough to taste.

In a very short time the Lucas coachman was at the door inquiring for me, and we were mounting a rather steep hill to Baron's Down. On arriving there the servants took me into the kitchen as the lady of the house was not yet down. The house was like a mansion, ivy covered and other creepers mingled in. Stone steps up to the front door and huge pillars each side. Here and there large pots of flowers and ferns. In front of the house a large spacious lawn, beautifully kept. Everything was shouting with glory, as it were. The air was loaded with perfume—birds both in the house and out of it—singing their songs of gladness. I knew and felt there was happiness in store for me. Hitherto wherever I was destined to be, there were

bright spots to be hunted out and secured, but here, oh, what freedom and loveliness all around! No hunting required. Even from the kitchen door, where I stand, enough could be seen to assure me of the blessed future. I turn around to the girl who is preparing breakfast for themselves.

"Am I to have my meals with you?" I asked, feeling rather strange at first at so many new faces watching me.

"I am sure I do not know yet, Miss. But I do not expect so. You will be with the missus."

It was not long before Mrs. Lucas came and took me away with her. I recognized Mrs. Lucas and knew when I saw her that everything would be all right under her rule and protection. She took me in her arms and kisses me and I loved her right away and always did as long as we remained together. We were always together and never tired of one another. She had a dainty little team of ponies and basket carriage and she would drive around the village with me by her side dressed up to her own satisfaction and at her own expense. The village people would curtsy as we passed and although I was quite aware that it was not at me that they curtsied, I felt very important, indeed.

There were four entrances to Baron's Down and at each lodge gate there lived an old couple to whom Mrs. Lucas was very good and was in the habit of sending these old people cake and wine at different times. This being a job that I was able to do, I was often sent to do the Samaritan and it would take me some time walking there and back besides having a talk when I got there.

One thing was very apparent at Baron's Down, Mr. Lucas was not at all partial to children, so it was essential to keep out of his way as much as possible. Never but once was I permitted to sit at the table with him. His wife was fearful all the time that I would do or say something to displease his lordship so I was kept away from him. It was the best thing to do as I was so impulsive and unaccustomed to irritable characters of any kind, especially men. I had the sense to avoid Mr. Lucas and was instinctively aware of his feeling towards children. When eating he had a cracking in his jaw which naturally attracted my attention and so on asking the meaning of this queer noise Mrs. Lucas appeared quite alarmed, "Don't ever

say such a thing to Mr. Lucas, dear. He would be so angry if you did." To simplify matters it was arranged for me to have my lunch before the master came in. In this way we hardly ever met. While he was having his lunch I would sit under the trees on the lawn, sometimes with a book but oftener passed the time playing with the dog and kitten.

Mr. Lucas was Master of the Hounds. He kept a man to look after them and do nothing else. The hounds were kept together in a large inclosure. Outside were dozens of kennels for the mothers and their pups. The mothers were chained up to keep them from roaming. Sometimes in the inclosure while being fed the hounds would fight over the food or scrap over nothing. Then there would be a terrible fight and the keeper would have to go in amongst them with a whip and lash them unmercifully to separate them. This would occur sometimes at night and the noise they made would wake us all up.

AT BARON'S DOWN

When one of these fights occurred it generally ended in their losing two or three hounds. They got so savage, it was not safe for anyone but the keeper to go near them. I very seldom visited the kennels even to see the pups. I knew enough to keep away and was nervous of their howls. On one occasion while I was there a fresh dog was put amongst the others and before morning it was literally torn to pieces.

Mrs. Lucas was anything but happy. It was easy enough to see that. Her husband was something of a bully and cared for no one better than himself. The world and all pertaining to it was made for his special benefit. It did not trouble him that there were no children. In fact, he was apt to congratulate himself that such was the case as he had then none to keep. He might then have had to give up his hounds and horses if he could not keep both, and he would hate to have to do that. Now he could do just as he pleased about it.

With his wife it was quite different. The great trouble of her life was the fact that there had been no little ones born to her. Her life without them had been void and empty. Her arms ached for nature's work and duties—those duties so dear and precious to a mother's soul. The corridors of the house

cried out for the laughter and footsteps of tiny feet, but the echo was always the same. No blessed little ones to cheer this big cold mansion. No wonder Mrs. Lucas sent for me even in opposition to her lord and master's wish. One day she had a very bad headache and I was bathing her head to ease the pain when the servant came in saying that "Master wanted Missus down stairs." "Tell him I cannot come I am sick," the answer was "Tell your Mistress that she must come immediately." Mrs. Lucas then gets up almost crying and nearly fell down in the attempt and then I helped her down the stairs to the dining room and I feel sure there is going to be trouble and so stay near at hand in case I am needed or to help my friend back again to her room. There are no others around to give assistance if any was needed. Mr. Lucas is speaking angrily about something, but I could not understand what was the trouble or hear what was said. Somehow I was under the impression that I was the cause of this outburst without knowing why, unless it was on account of my being so continually with his wife. Lucas was beginning to show a bit of jealousy, especially did I think I was at the bottom of this new trouble when Mrs. Lucas said on returning to her room, "Oh, dear! what shall I do! Mr. Lucas is so angry with me I feel so wretched. How I wish you could stay with me always."

BACK TO CLIFTON HOUSE

"You have been such a comfort to me, Genie. But you had better leave me now, dear, as my husband might come and it would make him more angry than ever if he found you here."

So I go away and leave her to her misery, feeling a vast hatred to the man who was causing this poor little gentle wife such unhappiness. She was so far removed from him in every sense. Even now I wonder however such a gentle being could have tied herself to such a being of creation. It could never have been love, but might have been money or fear—perhaps both. We were in a way connected with the Lucases as my Aunt Georgina—Mother's only sister—married Mrs. Lucas' brother.

As it was too much of a strain on poor Mrs. Lucas to keep me, the only one her better half was so opposed to it, we take the

train together as far as Exeter and I return to Clifton House just for a few days and then go on to Weymouth to meet Mother at last. Nothing remains in my memory about the journey there.

During the last two years, while I was making so many shifts from one place to another, I had never seen Mother. So imagine my delight on hearing of the arrangement for me to go and stay with Mother for a few weeks preparatory to entering St. Anne's Royal School where Fred was still. I had been elected at last as a pupil for the next three years. At the age of fifteen I was to return to one of Miss Heathcoat's Finishing Schools. Miss H. had promised to take me there as soon as I was old enough to attend those classes. Therefore my education was secured for the next seven or eight years. Mother looked so well and happy. Her anxious times were comparatively over. At least, so it seemed then. Here, in Weymouth, everything was so beautifully fresh and invigorating. Miss Waller's house faced the sea and I spent most of the mornings on the sands making fresh friends every day. In some ways it reminded me of dear old Cornwall, but not altogether. We used to build castles on the sands and some of the children would make me promise to come again next day. We carried our little buckets and spades with us every day when it was not actually raining. Everyone seemed brimful of fun and happiness without a thought or care for the future, I amongst the number and Mother would watch us from the window.

AT WEYMOUTH.

Before saying much of my own life in Weymouth it is necessary so speak somewhat of my Mother's life with Miss Waller. I may truthfully say Mother had not a care.

Miss Waller had a woman to look after her—wash, dress, and look after her generally. Also sleeping in the same room with her. In fact, this woman took charge of Miss Waller from seven o'clock in the evening till eleven the next morning. The poor old lady got more and more weak minded and as years advanced she got from being sweet tempered and kind to be as a troublesome child bent on doing mischief. All the valuable china and ornaments in the drawing room, where she spent the day, were removed or placed too

high for her to reach. She would lift everything out of their places and carry them around and then drop them, pick them up again, and so on all day. The cushions were left about for her amusement. She amused herself all day with these and was no trouble at all unless a person was writing and then she had to be watched pretty closely or she would upset the ink. Looking at herself in the glass she would think it was her dead sister and talk to her for quite a long time. We would take no notice of what she did or said as if she were not there. Such is the result of habit, only we kept the door locked so that she could not go down stairs and then out of the front door. There were two rooms for her to exercise herself in and she was perfectly harmless, nothing upset her in the least. There was a carriage at Mother's disposal when she thought it necessary to take Miss Waller out for a drive when the weather was fine, and, of course, when they went we went too, and we would take long drives out to Portland and back again or other beautiful drives which we would enjoy immensely. Miss Waller never seemed to go to sleep during the drives as one would think she would, but she seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. When I was there I usually sat up with the coachman with preference. The others thought it *infra dig* to do so.

WEYMOUTH IN DANGER

One time it was predicted that on a certain date there would be a great disturbance on the sea during which a tremendous wave would wash Weymouth completely away as the fortifications would be altogether insufficient to keep the water back. When the news became generally known the people were very unsettled and alarmed and all those who could possibly manage to move away did so as quickly as possible, taking their goods and chattels with them. But there were only a few who were able to do so on account of the expense. Mother amongst the number. She said, "If a wave comes and washes the place away I must go with it. I will take the risk and not be afraid. There is no choice about it, and so here I must remain."

For the time being the coming big storm that was to destroy Weymouth was much discussed and the people anxiously awaited the date. On the previous night there was a terrible

wind and the water could be heard splashing over the Esplanade. No one thought of retiring to rest during that night. In the morning the wind was as fierce as ever, but still the big wave did not come. The water looked ominous and the waves came rushing forward as if to dash everything to pieces. All eyes during that eventful day were directed towards the angry sea, but though it was indeed a very terrible storm, *Weymouth* was not washed away.

While living in Weymouth, Mother had another strange experience. One night she was roused from a sound sleep by repeated firing of guns. Below, in the street, could be heard the sound of many voices and the pattering of feet on the pavement. There was very little noise but a perpetual movement. Mother soon realized that something unusual was happening and quickly slipped on some things and ran to the drawing-room which faced the front street, and on looking out she saw hundreds of people all hurrying in the same direction, many of them only partly dressed, while others were just in their night attire and barefooted, which accounted for the prevailing silence. The firing of the cannon could still be heard along the coast. Everyone seemed to be hurrying along not knowing where, except that they were following the whirl of the crowd. There was no shouting or other disturbances, just a swaying wave of humanity bent on moving onward. Women carrying infants in their arms and hurrying on others in front of them. All nervous and frightened, they knew not why or wherefore. It was a regular panic and the crowd increased as they passed along. Mother stood at the window watching the moving crowd, feeling alarmed, too, at the uncertainty of things and not quite knowing what was the best thing to do. Fortunately, she did not lose her head, but stood firm at the post where duty called her and awaited coming events whatever they might be. It never once occurred to her to open the door and run, too.

It all turned out to be a false alarm caused by the coast-guards doing some practice on firing off big guns. Some thought the enemy had taken possession of the town and started the alarm which kept up all night. Towards morning the people finding that nothing happened, gradually returned to their homes hungry and tired, but otherwise none the worse for their outing.

Mother would never order the carriage and go out without taking her charge, too. She did not think it right to do so. I would look after Miss Waller occasionally when Mother went visiting, which she had to do sometimes. As she received many callers during the week I was quite able to take this duty upon myself after being there a few weeks and did not mind in the least as I would bring out my little tea things and have a make believe tea party, inviting little Miss Waller to join in the fun. We were good pals altogether. She liked me all right until I began to lift up her wig just in order to see her surprise when I did so.

Ann Dicker would insist on bothering the poor old lady by putting on this heavy wig which seemed so terribly hot. When it was lifted off, Miss Waller would look around all over the ceiling to see what had happened. Her head felt so light. Ann Dicker was the name of the housekeeper and Miss Waller's caretaker, and so she just did as she liked with her charge and Mother never interfered with her management. Ann was there before Mother came and had been for years, so even if Mother saw things which she thought not quite right she did not say a word.

Andrews, the butler, was a dear. I had quite a weakness for butlers. They always took my fancy on account of their nice uniform, no doubt. But Andrews really was awfully nice and kind. When he came and announced dinner he used to take Miss Waller down to the dining room, place her in her chair and stand behind her all the time, except when he was waiting on us. Miss Waller would sometimes take too long in getting through her dinner, then Andrews would take the spoon and feed her as long as she would take it. He was always so gentle and kind to her. Miss Waller's food was minced up and put on a silver plate which stood on hot water. When the meal was over Andrews would again take Miss Waller by the arm and lead her upstairs to the drawing room. There we would have tea all together at six o'clock. No late dinners in that house! At seven Ann Dicker would come and fetch her charge away for the night, and Mother's duties were over for the day till the next morning. She was free to go out or stay in as she pleased.

One night Ann had forgotten to lock her bedroom door. She was evidently a very heavy sleeper as she did not notice that

Miss Waller had got out of bed and left the room. Mother was roused from her sleep by a tremendous crash close by her bedside, followed by a cry of distress. The whole house was astir and rushed upstairs where the sound came from, expecting to see something dreadful. There was poor Miss Waller standing shivering and shaking with fright in Mother's room. She had gone in the dark, lifted the jug from out of the basin, then placed the basin on the lower shelf of the washstand. This being an old fashioned type, had a hole in which the basin usually stood. Into this poor Miss Waller, after no thought or consideration, dropped the heavy water jug which went crash into the basin below, smashing into hundreds of pieces. No wonder the old lady was alarmed. Ann Dicker rushed out greatly alarmed at finding her bird flown, and such a disturbance outside.

"Oh my pet lamb! Where have you been? How did you get out here? And Ann never missed you."

Thereupon Ann began slobbering over Miss Waller, taking just such liberties which the poor lady dreaded above all things.

Well, peace was soon restored again and the debris carefully gathered up. Mother took care to lock her own door after that little event; for fear Ann forgot her duties on any other occasion.

My visit to Weymouth was now drawing to a close and I was due to attend a three-year term in St. Anne's Royal School, Brixton. I had had a lovely time in Weymouth with Mother. I had her all to myself for several months. Both Alice and Ada were away in different places. I should meet Fred again in Brixton. That would be quite an event in itself. Still I hated to go away to another strange place after knocking about so much. I didn't tell Mum, though how I felt about it, as I was old enough to know how matters stood. So I got my things ready to go, and, taking some goodies with me to give to Fred as soon as I should be allowed to see and speak to him, which was the following Sunday after my arrival in Bristol.

AT ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL

There were 120 girls at St. Anne's. Also a portion of the school was reserved for boys. It was here that my brother Fred had been ever since we parted, and here that he was still. The idea of being so near to him again was very pleasing to me. We

could meet and converse with one another every Sunday afternoon, and remain together for three hours if we wished to do so in the large dining hall in which we had our meals all together. The boy and girl couples would be dotted all over the dining hall, comparing home-letters, received during the week, munching candies—serious talks of holiday tasks, punishments, injustice—good times intermingled with hard times. It was good to see brother and sister smile and kiss on meeting and leaving. Some looked on Sunday afternoons as the bright and silver spot of a dark and dreary lining.

Fred came one Sunday and showed his hands to be badly burned. Four lashes on each hand.

I exclaimed on seeing this, "What is the matter? Have you burnt yourself?"

"No; one of the masters did that."

"How? What for? The horrid man, I just hate him," I said.

"Oh! He is all right. I got caught stealing apples yesterday afternoon in a man's orchard. We were in a field playing cricket—got hot and thirsty—saw these tempting apples and some of us climbed over the wall and we were just getting back with our pockets full when the old chap owning the place saw us and informed on us. The old fellow said he did not mind our coming once in a way, but the boys had been trespassing too often lately. The result was in our capture and we have been made an example to the others."

I thought Fred had been very hardly used, but as he had been to blame he deserved punishment. Still, as his hands looked very sore and inflamed, my sympathy went out to him entirely, and none whatever to the man who had been robbed of his apples. The following Sunday those welts were still there. I hoped Fred would never climb over that wall again.

St. Anne's was a very strict school, both for the boys and the girls. We were marched to our meals and to our class rooms and not a word to be spoken. In our bedrooms we were sometimes allowed to whisper—otherwise we conversed through the deaf and dumb alphabet which the pupils learnt very shortly on entering this school. Some got to speak on the fingers very fluently, while others were quite slow at it. Every one, however, was pretty good. Occasionally even that way of conversing

was not permitted. At meal times not a word of any kind—aloud or silent—just the clatter of knives, forks and spoons. Strange to say the boys were not under this same discipline. They were allowed to talk as much as they liked and made a terrible noise, too. No doubt it was on this account that we were stopped. Anyhow we did not look at it in that light, but considered it rather unfair to say the least of it. This discipline, as may easily be understood, was exceedingly irksome to me after the wild, unrestricted life I had been accustomed to. Nevertheless it was due to such training to which the future of my life was centred. Many was the time when I was brought to headquarters in disgrace for breaking strict rules or orders.

The Lady Principal, on my arrival, was named Miss Sweeting. A little plump person, with hair parted in the middle. She may have been sweet to some, but not to me. For some reason or other, Miss Sweeting was under the impression that my education had been, so far, very much neglected, consequently her hand was forever ready to feel the size of my ear. Now, my ears had so far been treated with due respect. Although I have a drum in my ear it was not intended for the purpose of beating but for hearing—not as a musical instrument, but as one of our five senses given to us for our own special use and benefit, and not for the convenience of others to show venom and spite on losing temper. I may have been whispering to my neighbour about some trivial matter when her ladyship was passing perhaps, or biting my nails. She was sure to spot me and give me a clip on the ear. I never could forgive her for this. It was, therefore, with shame that I admit a feeling of relief when Miss Sweeting took sick and a new principal was selected to take her place.

Miss Freshwater was Irish, and hot tempered. In anger, her face would blush scarlet and the girls would tremble with fear, but still she was liked better altogether than Miss Sweeting. Only once did I anger this lady to any grave extent. The particulars will be in the next chapter.

IN DISGRACE

The governesses had been ordered to be very particular about the girls eating up clean all the meat that was given to them. At the end of dinner each plate was examined in order to see if

this was done. It happened that just at that time meat of any kind was objectionable to me. My neighbour was usually good enough to eat my share. If not, my piece would be wrapped in my handkerchief, shoved in my pocket, then thrown out as soon as we got outside. On this particular occasion, the girl who usually helped me out in this matter, shook her head, when I made a movement as though about to place my meat on her plate. Probably she had eaten enough and did not need any more. Anyway, through carelessness on my part, the meat was still there when the governess passed behind me, saying, "You haven't eaten your meat. You must finish it up, Hearle." At the same time moving on towards the door as though to leave me to please myself as to whether I did so or not. Thoughtlessly, I answered, seeing her back turned, "I shan't!" All would have been right had not another governess been following the one who had just passed, who overheard me making that luckless speech.

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" she said. "Do you know, Miss — what that girl said just now?"

"No. What did she say?"

"When you told her to eat her meat, I was just in time to hear her say, I shan't, so I thought it best to let you know."

"Thank you, Miss ——. I will see about it."

And so she did. After swallowing down whole pieces of meat with the aid of gulps of water I was ordered to stand outside of Miss Freshwater's bedroom door during noonday hours, which I did. The governesses had their meals together in their own private room. Almost as soon as I got to her door, Miss Freshwater turned the handle of her door, looked, or rather, glanced my way, and passed on without uttering a word. This was puzzling to say the least of it. She was going downstairs to dinner and would there get the particulars about my misdeemeanours and the reason of my being in disgrace and outside her door. Dinner finished, I hear Miss Freshwater mounting the stairs once more.

"Now I shall get what is due to me." But, no, she goes by again without a word—never even looking my way—simply ignoring my very presence. The bell rings for lessons again.

"What must I do now? Stay here, I suppose, as I had not been told to go down. This is a nice fix all over a miserable

bit of tough meat! I did not do or say anything so very dreadful after all! They are simply making no end of fuss about nothing.

There goes the door again and Miss Freshwater passes by and still as mum as a doornail. Does it mean my staying in this dark passage all the afternoon? I shall sit down on the floor if they keep me here much longer and jump up when I hear any one coming. On reasoning thus to myself I hear the hall door open again and a girl runs upstairs to where I am standing, saying, "Hearle. Miss Freshwater wants you in her class room and be quick, she is looking ominous, I can assure you. What have you been doing? For goodness' sake, but don't stop to tell me now or I shall get in a row, too."

"What is going to happen now? Maybe they are going to expel me. They might do worse. I don't care if they do, except for mother. She won't like it after having such a job to get me in this prison of a place." So I reason to myself on my way down to the first class school room where Miss Freshwater was always to be found sitting in state on a small platform with a table in front of her where she keeps her books, compositions, etc., waiting to be corrected. It is no good hesitating. The advance has to be made, however disagreeable it may be. So I gently open the door, boldly march forward, every eye directed on my miserable person. Perfect silence. They must all have been waiting for me before starting the next lesson. Whether through nervousness or downright bravado I know not but I had not gone half across the room before Miss Freshwater brought me to a halt by saying, "Go back again—and take care not to enter the room again looking like that."

This father surprised me as well as alarmed me for fear of such a look being on my face again when entering for the second time. I pull my face as straight as possible and make another advance and trust to the solemnity of the occasion to give me the right expression to please my evere Lady Superior. This time I was permitted to advance as far as the platform where I came to a halt, placed my hands behind my back, and awaited further proceedings.

Miss Freshwater pulled herself together, preparatory to bringing forth a very solemn and serious verdict.

"Girls! Here is a young lady who, when told to do a thing, most deliberately and wilfully answers, 'I SHAN'T.' This is a

serious offence and should be punished accordingly. However, as this is the first of the kind that has come to my notice I am willing to overlook the gravity of it."

Turning to me she then said, "Hearle! Go to the French class room and apologize to Miss ——— for your rudeness to her; and mind you do not let me hear of any such conduct again, please."

I leave that class room with bowed head, cross a stone yard where the girls played in wet weather, knock at another door and enter ready to face anything. But Miss ——— was very nice about it, in fact, she seemed rather sorry for me and would even have taken back her complaint if she could have done so when she found out how seriously Miss Freshwater had taken up the matter.

After this I realized this lady had to be carefully avoided, and in order to do so the rules and orders of the establishment must be strictly kept and I endeavoured to do so, but did not always succeed in spite of myself.

RUTH HEATLAND

Ruth Heatland was of dark hair and complexion. Her eyes were restless and unattractive. She had no bosom friends like the rest of the girls, owing, probably, to the fact that there was nothing lovable or attractive about her whole being. In fact, she was a thief and had to be watched very closely. Several times this girl had been found out in some act of dishonesty and was given just one more chance before being expelled. Theft was one of the grave sins for which any pupil would be expelled. This girl was the eldest of other orphans and brought up by her aunt, who was very much distressed on hearing of her niece's transgressions, and it was on her account that Ruth had been forgiven so often. On Saturdays any girls who could afford it out of their pocket money were allowed to send out for biscuits. One or two pounds, as one wished. Towards evening the biscuits would arrive and be distributed amongst those who had sent and paid for them. This time, after the biscuits had been given out, it was found that there was one pound short. It was soon discovered who was the culprit. Ruth had received the biscuits without sending for them.

There was an ominous cry, "Ruth Heatland. Where is she? Bring her here. 'She has stolen again'" The girls were full of mischief and just then unmerciful, at least a few of them who were after her. But Ruth was nowhere to be found. She had heard the cry and had hidden. Poor Ruth! She knew the penalty. Hunger had brought her once more to the brink and she had fallen in. How many had fallen for the same reason? That dread craving of hunger to appease which thousands and tens of thousands of good souls have yielded to the same temptation and been brought to the degradation of jail. I say, again, hunger; for, let me tell you, in boarding schools hunger is felt, not one day but most days. Pocket money is nearly always short after the first six weeks, then we have to do on what is given to us and the hours are long in between meals. Some children need more than others and it is those who suffer the most.

Ruth knew the penalty. She had been good for six months and it was hoped that she was cured when hunger got the better of her and she failed again. This was indeed a hard case. The girls flew about in all directions hunting the culprit. No mercy anywhere! This girl was wicked, had done wrong and must be punished. There was a look of relief on each of the faces of those who did not participate in the hounding of this wretched girl—relief that they were not the ones to be hounded. Where is she? We cannot find her. Wherever has she got to? There they go again upstairs, diving into cupboards, recesses, dormitories? under beds, even on the roof—dining room, passages, finally down into the cellar where the different bins were inspected—potato bins, coal bins and what not? Where could Ruth be found? "I say, girls, where else can we look? We have been everywhere" The look of disappointment on those girls faces was marked, to say the least of it.

"She must have run away," said one. "Has anyone been in the laundry?" said another. "Why, no, we haven't been there. How stupid of us. Let's go." Then that place is ransacked. In one dark corner was a pile of dirty clothes waiting to be washed. These were hurriedly turned over right to the last garment, and there—much to their surprise and almost fear—they felt conscious of the presence of something more than inanimate garments. There was breathing to be heard, hard breathing and slight movement. One girl came in contact with

more than that. She placed her hand on a piece of warm, moist flesh. As she did so there was a shrill scream of agony heard. This courageous species of humanity—of a few moments before—ready to face a lion in his den, so plucky was she, jumped up and rushed to the door, yelling "blue murder" with her finger in her mouth. The others quickly followed, terror marked on their faces.

"What ever is the matter?" was asked by many dismayed girls?

"Oh, something was amongst the clothes and bit me. Look at my finger. It does pain so. We daren't go in again without a light."

"I heard something move. There must be a live thing there. Who will go in next? Not me, I am afraid of my life to face the place again."

"Here is a light, somebody must come in with me if I go," said a newcomer amongst the excited crowds standing around.

There is indeed great excitement caused by this little event. No governesses were around to keep order just then, strange to say, and so the bigger girls came to the front, some who hitherto had had nothing whatever to do with the search for Ruth Heathland. They went boldly in with a light and there discovered Ruth crouching in this same dark corner amongst the soiled clothes. Her eyes had the fierce look of an animal driven into a corner unable to escape further. She had heard the others hunting for her and was getting into a really dangerous mood ready for the final attack. It was quite necessary for people to be careful how to advance towards this then wild girl. She was exasperated with fear and anger, and was ready to spring on the first one who made an attack on her.

"Come, Ruth," said a kind girl who headed this second search and was known and loved by her many companions, "Don't stay here; nobody shall hurt you. We do not want to do so and will not. Come along with me. I will protect you. We will go upstairs and speak to Miss Freshwater. She will tell us what to do."

Ruth then comes out, feeling reassured of safety from others, and goes to the Lady Principal with her protector. We see nothing more of poor Ruth. It was arranged for her to be sent home again to her aunt. This was a hard case and such a

trifling offence at the last. But this was a strict school. We were drilled like soldiers. Every word from headquarters was a command which we dare not disobey. The pupils soon got to recognize the fact and knew it was best to fall into line, to avoid trouble.

Within six months after Ruth Heatland's departure there was again complaints of petty thefts taking place. Two or three times during a week girls had declared they had missed different articles out of their boxes, and still as time went on further complaints were made to the governess of missing thimbles, knives, scissors, silver pencils and gold pens, also money. In vain were inquiries made and not a clue to work upon. This was the main subject talked about and how to capture the culprit. The monitresses were told to ferret out what information they could during play hours by talking amongst the girls and seeing what they had to say.

I AM UNDER SUSPICION FOR THE FIRST TIME

The consequence was one Friday, while having my bath with several others, there was a knock at the door and some one called out, "Is Hearle there?" "Yes; I think so," said the nurse, who always presided over the bathroom and our bathing. "Well; will you tell her to come to me, after she has finished her bath, Nurse, please. I want to speak to her."

It was one of the monitresses, whose voice was quite familiar, I wondered whatever she wanted with me, and was trying to think while the dressing process was taking place. Had I been doing anything wrong? But never, never, did I seem more innocent of wrong-doing than at that special time. Therefore, on finding the girl on leaving the bath room, who was still waiting for me, I was more surprised than enough on hearing what she had to say—greater than it is possible to describe.

"Hearle. You know, don't you, we have been put to a great deal of trouble lately in trying to find out who it is that has been stealing articles out of different girls boxes? Now we have found out nothing whatever so far, but one of the girls has just told me that you are always up very early in the morning. However early she is up she always finds you up before her. This is the only clue there is to work upon. I do not think for one

moment that you have anything to do with this, Hearle, but having heard this, the suspicion must rest with you until something else turns up."

I looked at her in blank amazement—unable to find sufficient words to deny such a dreadful, false accusation. My face had not yet lost its expression of anxiety and surprise but my eyes completed what my tongue had left unspoken.

"Never mind, Hearle. I am sure it is not you, but I had to speak to you about it as your name was mentioned to me and no one else. We shall be sure to find out the real culprit."

Then the words came to me. "I am never an early riser, and whoever says such a thing knows different and is telling a lie. Ask the girl who sleeps next to me and see what *she* says. She will know if I am there or not when she gets up."

Full of indignation and hurt beyond recall I walk away, heavy hearted, sad, disgraced. I had been in many scrapes, but none such as this. It was worse than any thing conceivable. Who was my enemy and why? I felt too distressed and unhappy to confide in anyone. The very one I spoke to might be the one who had informed on me. How could I ever trust any one again? I felt sure by the way the mistress had spoken to me that she never really suspected me, but it would have been much better to have found out something about me first before speaking to me.

Just then, fortunately, I ran up against Lydia Wheeler, the girl who slept next to me. "Lydia, you know what has been said about me, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. "I should like to know what girl has said such a scandalous thing. She must be a wicked girl to make up such a yarn." She tried her best to console me but it was not easy to do. I was under grave suspicion and would remain so until the real culprit was found and it was eating my heart out. I was as innocent as a newly born babe. I wished I had never entered this school, where something was always going wrong. In the meantime certain things were still disappearing in the usual way—strange to say, which made it more puzzling than ever. Ruth Heatland was gone and nothing of the kind had ever taken place since her departure.

Two of the bigger girls then asked permission to stay up all night and watch for the thief, who always took a tour early

before anyone else thought of rising. Well, these girls—two of them—stayed up all night and towards morning were beginning to despair of seeing the one they were watching for when just at daylight they were both conscious of something stirring not far off from the place where the girls' little boxes were placed around the wall. They were then all attention. Straining their eyes in the dull light to catch the first glimpse of the long sought offender, they feared they knew not what. They hardly dared breathe for fear of being heard. Their hearts were beating like mad, so much so, and the excitement so great, they were obliged to bend themselves over to suppress the loud beats for fear of being heard. They hear steps nearing their hiding place—then the opening of a box. Looking cautiously, they distinctly see—not a girl at all, but a woman, and that woman our Lady Principal's maid. Oh, glory! They had not sat up for nothing and they could hardly believe their eyes. Could it be?

They tell us all about it. She first of all goes to one box, takes something out—then glides on to another, finding nothing there to her satisfaction, she glides on to the next. When there, fancying she hears a movement of some kind she raises her head and looks around. She evidently feels nervous about her surroundings for she cuts her morning's prowl short, leaves the boxes and glides back from where she came from.

Had she taken nothing the girls had still seen enough to assure them as to who was the thief. Their surprise was so great they could hardly believe their senses. Miss Freshwater's maid of all things! She had always been considered as the very soul of honesty and integrity and to think of her being the guilty one! The two girls sat and whispered together long enough for the maid to get back to her own apartments—then they slowly returned to their own dormitory, and, without undressing, laid down for a short rest until the bell rang for all to rise. It was with a feeling of intense relief that these plucky girls arose again—bathed the fatigue from their tired eyes as much as possible.

After the seven o'clock short prayers had been said, one of them jumped on to the platform, faced the crowd and said, "Girls! We have found the thief." At these astonishing words a few eyes were directed my way. Although I know I am innocent my face becomes scarlet in spite of myself. The girl, speaking from the platform then steps down, walks towards me

and says, "IT ISN'T YOU," with a great stress on the YOU. I immediately burst into tears. It was too much to expect anything else when I had lately been feeling so terribly wretched.

The girls crowd around me, each trying to tell me how little they had suspected me. I had girls arms around my neck and waist and everyone was speaking to me at once, and so they helped me out of the school room, preparatory to our marching into breakfast. The girl who had made this false accusation against me had a pretty lively time for the next ten minutes. She was buffeted about in a pretty rough manner.

"You horrid thing! What did you say that for about Genie Hearle? You knew better. It was just spite. Nobody believed you, though. You horrid story teller."

All sorts of such like speeches with bangs and pokes intermingled. Indeed, Genie Hearle, instead of a suspected thief, was for the time being the heroine of the day and felt the friend and under the protection of one hundred and twenty first class, just specimens of her own sex. You—who know what that means—know just what such protection and friendship is worth; one has to be in a boarding school to understand. Once more for me life was worth living, and the earth good to look upon. I was happy with a clear and unstained character. What was better? The maid was immediately dismissed in disgrace after having her own boxes searched, where all the missing things were discovered and returned to their rightful owners. The girl who had done me this wrong was never my friend. We never spoke, unless it was to pass a bitter word. Unbeknown to myself she had always been my enemy, but had never had an opportunity to show her feelings until the chance referred to above.

PANICS IN THE SCHOOL

St. Anne's was subject to panics of a grave character. For instance, during one term there were a series of panics caused at the start by a slight alarm in one of the upper dormitories. Three little girls got out of bed one night after the governess had left the room and gone downstairs. To speak aloud, after retiring for the night was forbidden, but we could whisper and not make any noise. These children were restless, got up and started playing "Hide and seek." All went well for a time till one got into her

own bed again to hide beneath the bedclothes, the other one hiding with her, got under the bed and after keeping still for a few minutes got tired of waiting to be found, and started to make strange sounds, at the same time tapping the bed from underneath. The other child under the bedclothes had forgotten about the game they were playing and had no sooner got quiet and on the pillow than she dropped off into a sound sleep. On hearing the moaning and tapping under her bed, she woke up terribly alarmed, giving a shrill scream. This startled all the others in that dormitory, not knowing what was the matter and half asleep themselves. They all jumped out of bed and rushed towards the door leading to the staircase, screaming as hard as they could. There was no one there to stop them in their mad rush onward. We bigger girls, in the lower dormitory, heard the rushing and screaming and fearing fire or some other calamity, were not long in getting out of our beds, too, and also were rushing towards the door to join in the panic when luckily one of the governesses, who happened just then to be in her own little bedroom partitioned off in a corner of the dormitory stepped out into the middle of the door, saying, "Girls; I am here. Stay here with me. Nothing is the matter." We stood there around her, trembling with fear, longing to join in the fray going on outside—fearful lest we should be left behind and not be able to get away and save ourselves if anything should happen to be seriously wrong. The level headed and plucky girl who had the sense to call us together and so prevent our exit was the means of avoiding what might have been a calamity. The little girls rolled on the top of one another down the stairs, shrieking and screaming at the top of their voices. Nothing and nobody could stop them. On they went down two flights of stairs, across the hall leading to the dining room, then swerved around to the front entrance. For a few seconds there was a blockade. The door was partly fastened one side and was jammed with screaming girls in their night gowns and in some cases these garments had been badly torn in the scrimmage. The door gave way on the right side and several of the girls started to rush down the drive, when they were accosted by a policeman who, attracted by the noise going on, had come to see what was the matter. On seeing a host of girls rushing out in their night attire, his first thought was that the building must be in flames.

He raised his hands, calling out, "Halt." Which they did, having probably a mortal dread of the policeman at all times. "What is wrong? What are you running away for? Where are you going?" No one knew, each one looked at the other expecting to hear an explanation, but not one was able to give any. Each one on being questioned gave the same answer, "I don't know. I ran because the others did and was frightened."

Miss Freshwater then came on the scene and ordered them all in again and up to their rooms, saying it was a false alarm and that nothing whatever was the matter. She looked upset herself, and also had quite a scare as well as all the rest of the household. There was a danger of the same thing happening again as the whole school was in a state of excitement. However, during the rest of the night everything kept pretty quiet, but early next morning, and three times during the day, the same thing happened. One girl might exclaim, "Oh," and that would start about fifty girls running and screaming at nothing. At first Miss Freshwater started scolding and threatening, but she soon found it of no avail. The whole school was in such a nervous condition the least little sudden noise would start them off and no one could stop them. Towards the evening of the second day the governesses were nervous themselves at what might happen. They were told to read to the girls and take their thoughts off themselves as much as possible until bed time, and then they were not left to themselves for one moment. A governess walked on each of the floors and talked to the girls. The next day, being Sunday it was not thought advisable to send any but the biggest and most reliable girls to attend the church service for fear of another panic. All day, at intervals, we were read to and amused. By that means the school once more settled down to its ordinary daily routine. But it left many of us inclined to be nervous and looking for events to happen which did not take place. I was one of that number, my nerves were more or less upset by these panics. They were a dread to me at all times, a bad nightmare, in fact. On account of this I counted the months and days which would bring my three years schooling in St. Anne's to an end. I look back upon those days with wonder and amazement at the way in which all things were so splendidly arranged and the discipline which reigned throughout. It was and no doubt still is grand.

ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL

Two years had passed since my first arrival in St. Anne's. During that period there was much learnt and experiences many. Life and happiness was a series of pros and cons.

Fred and I spent our long-looked for holidays together in Weymouth. The journeys there and back remain in my memory as events never to be effaced. There were other boys besides Fred and Robert who travelled the same way and at the same time. They would become rather unruly at times owing to over excitement at the prospect of returning home once more. At one time each boy had procured a peashooter and as the train moved out of the station they would fire at a named object. As a rule nobody was hurt, but unfortunately on aiming all together at a guard as the train moved out it was noticed that one of the shots hit him right in the eye. He jumped and raised his hand in a threatening manner towards the departing train. The aim had been a good one and made a bull's-eye. Although proud of their feat the boys were somewhat nervous as to what would happen as the agent looked ominous. On reaching the next station a wire was waiting for us saying, "Turn all the Bluecoat boys out and take possession of their peashooters." It was my wish to get off, too, but was induced by all to remain where I was and explain the reason of their delay, on reaching home.

Every one of those days was a day of note and enjoyment. Mother's sole wish and pleasure was to make it so. The time passed only too quickly. It was only a short stay and we were to be kept amused and happy. Outsiders seemed of the same opinion; too, for they also helped in this with invitations and other treats always acceptable to youthful minds and appetites.

On returning to school we were each provided with a hamper of good things, enough to last for the next fortnight or more and our purses full of small donations from kind friends who had once upon a time been to school themselves. We were supposed to be under cover by eight p.m., but if by any chance our train arrived sooner than was thought necessary we would go a bit further on the same ticket and would get back just in time to avoid trouble. The guard never made any bones about our doing this, so we thought him fine. Alice and Ada were seldom

in Weymouth during the holidays. So many of us could not be there at the same time, as it would be too much of a crowd at once. How happy we felt at the beginning of the holidays and how depressed at the finish only school boys and girls can understand.

For the first week we were all too miserable for anything and would sit about and mope, not feeling like joining in any one of the games, but after a while we would get over this depression and get more interested in things and fairly happy on the whole.

News came one day to say that Arthur was sick and had to have his leg amputated. Shortly after that we heard that he was dead. Freddie and I were allowed to spend the afternoon together on that occasion. Talking over our many unkind acts and words to our poor, dead brother, we wept at the recollection of them. Poor Arthur! He was hard to understand and was left very much to himself. He would tease us and we would tease him from sheer lack of confidence in each other, and now there remained nothing but regrets and sad thoughts of what *might* have been and what *was*. Arthur was buried after three months of sickness. He dwindled down to the weight of a feather but cheerful to the last.

ARTHUR'S DEATH

Arthur was just turned seventeen when he passed away, owing to a neglected bruised shin bone, tuberculosis set in and he became a physical wreck. Andrews, Miss Waller's butler, attended to him all the time while he was in Weymouth, bringing him in to the dining room every day at Arthur's own wish, placing him in a chair at the table, where he would sit for a few minutes, then carrying him back to his room again. He was so weak that little change was quite enough to tire him out. Andrews was so patient and kind and took all the work on to himself. Arthur and Andrews were always good friends and were in the habit of bathing together in the sea early in the morning. They were both great swimmers and could keep it up a long time. It is hard to say what Mother would have done without Andrews. Arthur was operated upon in one of the London hospitals and when it was known that he was to lose his leg Mother sent for him to be brought home so that he could be with us to the last.

A REVOLT AMONGST THE BOYS

"What do you think, Genie?" said Fred one day. "We had quite a scrimmage in school yesterday. Old Hawkins has been pretty nasty to us lately, so we all made up our minds to pay him out for once. We each filled our pockets full of small potatoes and when Hawkins came out to the playground and ordered us in to class we all pelted him with these potatoes. He was so astonished and scared he couldn't do a thing but try and dodge them. They were coming in all directions and when our pockets were empty he looked pretty silly, I can tell you. He got well into the middle of the playground before any of us began to aim. He never got such a surprise in his life."

"But, oh, dear! What a dreadful punishment you will get for all that."

"Never mind! none of us care for that as long as we have been able to get a hit at the old fellow for once. Besides now we are all in it so they can't do much. Perhaps keep us in for next Saturday and that won't hurt any of us."

"There is a much worse affair coming off though. Much more serious. It means that two of the boys will be publicly flogged for a very serious offence. They nearly set the building on fire and were caught at it. There is no game about that, you know. They deserve punishment and will probably get expelled besides, which will mean something to them by and by."

"Which boys are they?"

"Smith and Jones," said Fred. "It was really Smith's fault, as he knows better, but the other chap is easily lead and just does what he is told. They both went into Hawkins' room while he was at supper and turned on the gas so as to explode the room just as soon as he lit a match. The gas was turned full on and, luckily, Hawkins smelt it just as soon as he got near the door and he spotted those two boys lurking around in the passage just to see what would happen. I wouldn't be in their shoes for something, I can tell you. Old Hawkins won't half lay it on after this. They will both arrive home with a few welts on them."

"How dreadful! and how thankful I am that you are not in this, Fred."

REMINISCENCES

"No fear! I do not do those kind of things. It is not in my line. There is no fun in wickedness and to do an act of that kind is certainly wicked, endangering the building and all our lives besides. There is a good deal of difference between fun and wilful mischief."

The next day brought a great deal of excitement between the boys and girls of St. Anne's School. Both boys were flogged but Smith got the worst by a long way. Jones was a great, big, burly fellow possessing very little brains. Smith was handsome and therefore a favorite amongst the girls, several of whom, on hearing of his severe punishment were tender hearted enough to send over a bundle of soft rags and ointment to help heal his wounds. No one bothered to make inquiries about "Silly Jones." He wasn't worth it but the captivating and handsome Percy Smith, he got numerous scented *billet doux* from many anxious and sympathetic little specimens of the tender sex. No matter what was the offence, Percy had been hurt and probably crying right now!

Mrs. Smith was sent for to take her boy away and arrived shortly after the event and on examining her boy's back, threatened exposure on the ground of cruelty to one of the pupils but we heard nothing more about it.

The girls at St. Anne's were beginning to receive many notes and presents from the boys at St. Anne's over the way, which was against the rules. All sorts of ways and means were employed in order to get notes and presents across to their favorite girls who, nothing daunted never refused their chance. The bell was being rung vigorously one half holiday.

"Attention, girls! All those who have received any presents whatever from any of the boys over the way go and fetch them immediately," such was the terrible order from headquarters. Girls disappeared and reappeared blushing up to the roots of their hair as they most unwillingly and shyly delivered up their precious little bits of jewellery or whatever it may have been. It was indeed hard to have to do so, especially as when it was necessary also to give in the names of the fellows who had sent them over so as to return them to the right owners.

"Whatever must I do?" said my neighbour, "I have eaten mine."

"So have I," I said, "We can't possibly give it up now."

"No! They wouldn't like it if we did either, would they?"

"Well, no one can prove that we have ever had anything, can they?"

"Not they. Never in their lives."

There was then a titter which was immediately suppressed.

There was quite a feeling of satisfaction just then that I had been able to devour the little dainties that had been sent over to me—by favor of my brother. Doubly was I thankful on hearing that all notes received during the last twelve months were to be delivered up. My messages had not been written in pen and ink but verbally delivered again by my brother. What luck! It must be added that the notes did not come forward so readily as the other things. How could anyone be expected to give away tender words and expressions meant only for one person's eyes and ears, not for the community. The girls were honest and true in all things. But asked them for their love letters—only very few made an advance forward. No storming or raging or threats availed. There was undue silence all around and nothing more to be done.

"Well, girls—if any of you receive any more letters from the boys and I hear of it I shall do more than ask you to deliver them up. You will in addition get severely punished. So beware."

With that we were allowed to go free and resume our play which had been so unexpectedly interrupted. A rather strange mode of punishment in those days at that school was to stand on a form with our pinafores over our heads and hands behind our backs, thus breathing our own ~~breath~~ over continually which was most unhealthy. This was objected to by the trustees on finding that the girls' shoulders were growing forward by folding the arms behind the back. They stopped our being punished in this manner and jolly glad we were too.

Fred left St. Anne's during the next year taking a job as apprentice in some big firm. He came back to see me one day and also visited the boys who, wanting a bit of fun out of him, got hold of his top hat and kicked it in the air again and again, cheering all the time. It was their way of showing their pleasure at seeing him again, but Fred could hardly see it in that light as it meant another hat and money was scarce, as the saying is. Boys will be boys, whatever inconvenience it causes, and

you cannot make men of them before their time. One well known minister, however, speaking of boys' wilful ways was often known to remark: "I wouldn't give a fig for a boy without some of the devil about him."

A YEAR OF SORROW

Miss Waller took sick after Mother had been with her for five years. She died, leaving us each a small legacy, thus showing kind interest in us all as long as her mind allowed her to do so. Mother then chose London for her home, preferring to be near us in our different school. She was feeling ill herself but thought it of no consequence till she began to get worse and worse and could stand it no longer. The pain in her back was terrible and on examination the cause was diagnosed as a cancer of too long standing to leave any hope of possible cure. We were brought face to face with the terrible fact that our dear Mother had only a very short time to remain with us. Her knowledge of this fact, coupled with the intensity of her suffering, made dear Mother's last days too sad to dwell upon. She looked beautiful to the last. The same lovely complexion for which she had been so admired in her younger days remained with her till the end. She used to say she knew it was hard for people to realize that she was as sick as she really was while looking so well. No doubt the pain helped to increase the flush on her cheeks.

On account of the sad event of her death I was allowed to go home for a few days. It was hard to believe she, herself, was not there when, as I gazed on her beautiful lifelike countenance, there was no sign of sickness or lines of pain left by that dread disease. Who could believe she had suffered months of perpetual agony when beholding what lay there? "Ah! I could." Did not I witness what she went through, and long times and again to be able to relieve her of even a tenth part of the pain—but it was not to be and couldn't be.

"Our home was now broken up. For the future we were destined to migrate from one place to another. My life at St. Anne's came to an end and I removed to Clifton House, Mare Street, London, once more. By this time I am old enough to be taken in as a finishing pupil. In order to explain some things it is necessary to go back a bit, owing to my having omitted to

mention my sister Alice's marriage to Captain Rochfort, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. They purchased a cottage in Hythe, near Southampton Water, opposite to Netley Hospital. This was a most lovely and quiet spot, but to me seemed to be impregnated with all that was dreary and sad and void of any sort of real rest and happiness. Man-of-war ships would anchor just opposite and in the stillness of the evening it was quite possible to hear the band being played during the Officers' Mess. But for this and the children's prattle, in spite of the surrounding beauty of the place, this was the most lonely spot on the face of the globe.

At Mother's death, when all our household effects were sold, all realization of any real, genuine, homelike, united and all satisfactory easy existence died with her—so it seemed. The Rochfort's door was open to me, but not wide enough to let me in. I stood on the doorstep and occasionally the warmth of the interior would make itself felt to me, but that was rare, so rare one could almost count the times. Standing on the threshold of what might have been or rather should have been a haven of love and rest, conscious only of the terrible loneliness which befel me, I would think and wonder how it would be possible to put in the remainder of my sad existence; homeless, friendless, and, moreover, almost penniless, having a father and yet hopelessly orphaned. Luckily for human nature one is not meant to feel sorrow for too long of a time, especially with the young. Every cloud has a silver lining no matter how dark and dreary it may appear. So it turned out for me.

Leaving St. Anne's at fifteen to the very day, I found myself once more a resident at Clifton House, with my small box of worldly possessions. There I made the friends of a lifetime. May those happy days spent there never be erased from my memory. One soon learnt to exchange confidences with each other, knowing that those confidences would not be abused. We were in sympathy and harmony with each other. The girl friends were as sisters. There were only a few, it is true, but they were genuine. This to a certain extent took the place of the home so recently lost. We were not always good. For instance, when French Poetry was to be said, Genie Hearle was always missing, never could be found anywhere. That half-hour was spent up a beech tree at the bottom of the garden,

where no one ever thought of looking, and when the danger was over she would appear again as innocent as a newly-born kitten. We would also have bolster fights at night, when we were supposed to be in bed in the the upper schoolroom, in the dark. That was great fun till I nearly got my neck broken on one occasion through receiving a tremendous blow on the head with a pillow when off my guard, which nearly cracked my neck joint. By this we realized for the first time that the game we were so fond of playing could prove to be a very dangerous one. So we gave it up for all time.

On another occasion the whole school got into disgrace through refusing to eat bread pudding, which had been too frequently doled out to us during that fortnight. There had been a painting lesson that morning and some of the glasses remained on a side table which had been used for washing the brushes. Two or three of the girls got hold of some of this coloured water and poured it into the pudding dish so that it should not be served to us again. We were denied any sort of dessert for a week after that, but they couldn't do much, as it was impossible to find out who had done the trick as no one would say or give any information, so we were all punished alike. We all shared our joys and sorrows. No less, there is always a black sheep in every flock and ours was no exception to the general rule.

"Girls. There is a new girl come," was the cry one day. An old lady brought her and seemingly has the care of her. The girl herself said this lady used at one time to be her governess, when the family was well off, but now, since both parents are dead she made her home with the old governess who has brought her here to have her education finished, if possible. Of course, we were all anxious to see this new addition to our number. When she joined us she was introduced as "Netta Craigie." But we were not very favorably impressed with her appearance. Her mother was said to have been an Indian princess married to a British officer. With her dark, shiny skin and coal black eyes it was easy to see she belonged to the coloured race. She was by no means timid, but mixed boldly with us, talking freely about her friends in different countries. She was no favorite. There was always the great gulf of blood and race between us which we could not overcome—the black sheep as it were. Netta would come butting in on us wherever we may have been,

or however privately engaged, and we resented it very much. She took no rebukes or hints that her presence was not agreeable and so made herself objectionable in many cases. Her manners and strange lack of nice feeling would at times almost stagger us, while at the same time rather amuse us for a short time, but too much of it was apt to jar. Six months had passed since her arrival, when one afternoon she gave it out that a cousin of hers was going to take her to a concert. All that afternoon she watched at the window for his arrival, but he did not put in an appearance. "Well, girls, he won't be coming now," she said at last. "What can have delayed him? I'm tired and shall go to bed early tonight, as soon after supper as I can get."

With a look of disappointment and disgust on her face she left us and nobody gave another thought as to her intentions or movements until bedtime, when the governess on duty (Fraulein Diechoff) found, on going the round to put out the lights, that Netta was not in bed or in her room. On inquiry we told all we knew of what had occurred during the afternoon and what she had said about going to bed early. This caused a little alarm and excitement. Every place on the premises was searched with no avail. From our bedroom window was to be seen the light of the lantern being carried here and there around the garden into the summer house, greenhouse, stable, coach house and back again. It was evident she was away from the place and out in the streets. On questioning the servants as to whether they knew anything about the matter one of them admitted having promised to let Netta in the moment there was a faint ring heard. All was stirring excitement that night every girl's ears were strained to catch the least movement to be heard on the ground floor. Our bedroom doors were kept ajar for this purpose. It was nigh on twelve o'clock before the faint ring was perceptible. The servant girl then opened the door as prearranged: not a word was spoken by either party. Netta under the impression that everything had been managed successfully, crept noiselessly through into the lower schoolroom in the dark and, having slipped off her shoes, hid them in a corner, crossed the hall and was about to mount the stairs to her bedroom when she was accosted by Miss Cross who was awaiting her. She was ordered into the governesses' sitting-room, but what transpired between those walls we girls never

knew. It is no doubt that Netta Craigie confessed the truth, whatever that might be. In the morning we were ordered not to question Netta as to her proceedings the night before. She did not mix with us in fact, but got her things put together and the lady who placed her in that school was telegraphed for, arriving early in the afternoon. She stopped a short time then left heartbroken taking the girl with her. This was the last we saw of Netta and the last we wanted to see of her. She went without a friend to mourn her loss. She had disgraced herself in the worst way and we were glad and relieved to see her go although sorry for the kind little protector who had so willingly heaped such a terrible burden upon her already overburdened and weak shoulders. What became of this girl we never heard, but whoever had her had something to contend with.

WILLIE CROSS AGAIN COMES ON THE SCENE

After a lapse of five years my old playmate comes once more into my life. He had now developed into a strong, strapping lad, supposed to be walking the hospitals and practising previous to becoming a medical man, but really wasting his precious time in flirting with the girls, eating and much drinking. His head was of ample size, covered with massive thick curls; his eyes light blue and kind. The fair curls were a centre of admiration by the other members of the family who thought Willie the most wonderful specimen of his sex. They never insisted on his ever doing the right thing, so he usually chose to do the wrong to his undoing.

He met me with genuine cordiality. "Hello, Genie, old girl," style, accompanied with a smacking kiss, taking everybody so much by surprise, we all stood thunder struck.

"Whatever made you do that, Willie? It is very unusual, isn't it?"

"Oh, just to shock the girls. Then you know it is a long time since I've seen you and we used to be jolly good friends, didn't we? Though you did pull my hair cruelly sometimes for nothing at all."

At this I protested "No! never for nothing, only as a last recourse, when things were going pretty bad." "Ah, well. You

are quite the young lady now. While as to me—I am on the way to be a gentleman—that is, 'some day'."

To me Willie Cross was nothing but a useless, insignificant, namby-pamby, mollycoddled lump of humanity, completely spoilt by this mother and two sisters, who would make any sacrifice in order for Willie to gain. They would feed and pet him up till he was no earthly good. Willie was fat and lazy those days. I kept him at a distance, only troubling to notice him when it was really necessary to avoid rudeness. He had a new girl every six months, vowing allegiance and fidelity to each in turn. He made every girl believe that she was the one real wife for him, the others just pastimes. Strange to say he succeeded in winning many weak little maids who left the school promising to be true to him and there the matter ended, and next term Willie had chosen another one, the same thing would happen. On a wet day and all had to stay indoors, Willie and his queen for the time being would spend the afternoon outside standing in the shelter of the door whispering and kissing until the cold drove them in or else in some out of the way corner in another part of the house seldom frequented by anyone else. It was not wise to converse about anything private in the dark without looking into all the corners as Willie would sure to be in one of them, waiting for our exit before moving.

Mrs. Cross was manager of this school which really belonged to Miss Heathcoat, who was too much of an invalid to run it herself. She always remained in her own private room and even had her meals brought there to her. When she moved from this one room it was to spend the summer in Tiverton, Devonshire, where she had another young ladies' establishment, Willie was therefore allowed the use of two good rooms where he was supposed to stay but which he never did, preferring the uncontrolled run of the whole house. In this way he was aided and abetted by his family in his already useless, lazy and aimless life. In after years when this school was broken up by the death of the benevolent old lady, to whom it belonged, he was thrown somewhat on his own haunches, but his sister, Binnie, having a small income of her own, through devotion to her mother, spent most of it on him, getting no thanks only demands for further sacrifices.

My brother Fred was getting the paltry sum, at first, of £20 a year and board himself. He was then working in Dent's glove manufactory. Failing to be able to keep himself on that sum, Mrs. Cross offered to allow him to share in Willie's rooms for ten shillings a week. This was a great kindness and no end of benefit to Fred who got his own breakfast in the early morning and was in the city by seven. He did not return till six in the evening, after which he was able to spend the rest of the evening with nice, genial people. Loving and appreciating good music, he had all he wished for. He was happy and contented to remain most of the evenings at home, away from the bustle and confusion of city life, which he never did care for any time of his life. He did not mix with the girls very much, except when there was a dance. On those occasions he rarely failed to join in on receiving the invitation. Those dances were most delightful. I usually took a man's part and would dance until my slippers were worn so thin my feet would be nearly on the floor. Then I would stick in a layer of brown paper and start off again. However thin the soles of my shoes, never too thin to continue the delightful and enchanting glide of the waltz. Oh! for a few more hours of the same, with the same dear people, and on the very same floor. It does one good to recall those days. When holidays came I never wanted to leave, as I did of old, but it was not always convenient for the pupils to stay except during the winter holidays when the Irish girls usually stayed and I was allowed to as well. Every hour of these days were a delight and the memory of them will remain with me to the end. Dreading the thought of the time when it would be necessary to leave, I refused to dwell upon it and so remained happy all through. Freddie and I would walk around the garden during the summer evenings and talk, not about the past, nor the future, but the present. In those days we were living for the present, fully, appreciating, loving and absolutely absorbed in it. While those three peaceful and happy years drifted away, the brother most dear to me was near at hand, and his presence brought satisfaction and contentment. As to the future, the outlook was void and dark. Robert had left the Bluecoat School and was now apprenticed to a firm in Cape Colony, South Africa. He had been in that school for seven years and it was time for him to leave. One of the old Bluecoat boys at the Cape, wanting a boy

in his business, wrote to the Bluecoat School to get one, and Robert was sent out to him. He arrived there with a small outfit and five pounds in his pocket. That was all the start in life he ever got. Being clever he soon worked his way up to be a fully fledged lawyer, independent of everyone and quite weaned away from other members of the family with whom he had associated with but little.

One of the housekeepers at the Bluecoat School used to amuse the boys immensely by her strange manner and ungrammatical way of talking. Meeting her one day on the stairway with a housemaid she was heard to say, "Oh Jane, I are so tired." "Am' you, Mam," said Jane. There was a titter amongst the boys and the housekeeper turned wrathfully around to where the boys were standing, "Taint for the valor of the thing nor do it magnify, but I won't be exposed upon by them 'ere boys." Then there was a shout and the stairway quickly cleared, leaving the "missus" bursting with rage and indignation. Poor Jane had to bear the brunt of it all that afternoon.

Soon after Robert left there was a sad tragedy which caused much trouble in the Bluecoat School. A new boy had come, but living in the city near his home, and unused to discipline of any kind, he refused to stay. After running away for the third time and being brought back, it was considered best to chastise this boy and he was locked in awaiting a flogging. On entering the room a little later on he was found hanging to the ceiling and dead. This caused a great deal of consternation amongst the head masters and principals. The boy had his revenge to the hilt. It was months before matters were settled about this boy, who was probably daring and obstreperous at the best. This was over forty years ago, but the exact date and year is quite beyond my memory, not having made a note of any of the details referred to in this book. The old boys were requested to write their experiences under the Bluecoat School rule, all of which were inserted in the *Times*, and none of which gave anything but a good report, which was most satisfactory and quieting to the public in general who were naturally up at arms and highly upset at such an occurrence, and the boy was refractory to have dared to do such a thing and was no doubt beside himself with anger and humiliation at having to give in.

A MOTHER'S CRUELTY

It has already been mentioned that Miss Heathcoat's establishments for young ladies were principally to prepare girls to teach. As each one left she usually took a position of that kind if there was one to be obtained. It is well to relate the experiences of two of these girls who left much about the same time and each was the eldest of a family, whose mothers were widows of clergymen, living on small pensions. To begin with, Cassie Osborne was the eldest of five. She was but eighteen and her mother's prop and support for the future. For this reason Cassie had to go out teaching as soon as possible. Mrs. Osborne had heard of a very good place for Cassie as governess in a family of high standing; good salary, too, which was so much needed. It was the night before Cassie was to leave for her new home, and Mrs. Osborne was trying to instil into Cassie's mind the kind of life she was to expect when she left her own.

"You know, Cassie," she said, "I don't want you to think that the life you are going to lead will be an easy one. There will be many hardships to contend with, little snubs and bitter speeches and trials when you may be trying your level best to please in every way. Make up your mind to have these things to contend with in addition to loneliness, my dear; to put up with as much as you can for our sakes. Don't be ready to give up at the first disagreeable or unkind word or deed and want to return home. Be brave and try your best."

In this way Cassie left home, fully prepared to have a great deal to contend with, also fully prepared to master her feelings, for mother's sake. The parents of the children that Cassie taught lived a short distance from Brighton, in the greatest comfort. Being unable to give names of the people and place, I will content myself in calling them Mr. and Mrs. Shouldhang—the name being the most suitable. She was a finely built woman, handsome, tall, but overbearing and haughty. Her step was quick, firm and nonhesitating, while her husband was small and insignificant, besides allowing himself to be henpecked in the worst way. If this had not been the case the terrible

tragedy that happened would never have taken place. He was not a cruel man, far from it, but altogether too weak and timid to hold his own, either as master or parent. If he ventured at any time to assert himself in any way he would be immediately squashed by his ferocious mate, even to getting a sound box on the ears. There were six children, the youngest a little curly headed boy of five, called Percy, the nicest one of the lot, the others being more or less spoilt by the parents, who were too indulgent.

Strange to say Mrs. Shouldhang had taken a most unnatural dislike or I should say hatred to little Percy for no reason whatever. Her treatment of him amounted to cruelty of the worst degree. Almost if not entirely inhuman, torturing, probing, and irritating. Cassie taught Percy during the morning with the others. At eleven o'clock his mother usually came and fetched him. On one occasion, according to Cassie's own statement and later on inserted in the *Brighton News*, little Percy was standing by Cassie's side taking a reading lesson. Footsteps were to be heard coming along the passage towards the school-room. Percy heard and tremblingly took hold of Cassie's arm. "Oh, Miss Osborne, Mamma is coming—hide me." The terror in the child's face was pitiful to see. The door opened and the stately, cruel Mrs. Shouldhang walked in. Seeing Percy holding his governess for protection, angered her more than ever, "Miss Osborne," she said, "against my repeated wishes, you will insist on spoiling and pampering Percy. What is the use of my trying to train him, when you humour him so?" With that she gave the poor child a sharp slap on the face, takes him by the arm and drags him out. He is taken upstairs to undergo a series of torture. The bell is rung and the servant ordered to bring up Master Percy's dinner, which consists of sour potatoes kept three or four days for this special purpose. After swallowing down a small quantity of the horrible stuff, Percy protests and is forced to take more; finally is sick and the struggle continues till Percy is stripped and strapped down on a bed and chastised, then left till late in the afternoon. On giving evidence later on, one of the servants gave out that hearing the boy crying, on one occasion, she crept into the room where he was and found him strapped down with cords. On being asked why he cried, he

answered, "Mamma has been whipping me." "What with?" said the girl "With that stick in the corner." She went and examined the stick and there was a tintack on the end of it. There was blood on the child's body, also on the sheet. The girl also testified to having been obliged to leave her place on account of the cruel way in which this child was treated. It made her too miserable. Several other girls left for the same reason, giving the same evidence of cruelty at the trial and finally Cassie herself felt too miserable to stand it any longer, and felt obliged to leave, although the money was very good and acceptable. She stayed as long as she possibly could in order to help and protect the child which she was able to do during the mother's absence.

Percy never had his meals with the others and was made to sleep in an attic room at the top of the house all by himself and in the dark. He would scream at night on finding himself alone in the darkness and his mother would not permit anyone to go up to him but herself, when she would thrash him. The terror of the dark and loneliness was to him so great, even his mother's presence and certain chastisement was preferable to it. He would, therefore, on waking and finding himself alone never fail to utter a scream which would bring its punishment. It was evidently what Mrs. Shouldhang wanted, a justifiable excuse to show her venomous talons. Cassie would save any little dainty possible from the table and even spend her own money in getting cake or biscuits to take up to Percy in the attic at night when the coast was clear, which was not very often. Mrs. Shouldhang was too bitterly cruel to leave Percy alone for long. It was as much as a servant's place for one to interfere and help Percy in any way. They didn't dare, but Cassie being there must have made the poor little boy's existence more bearable. He loved Cassie so much and was so easily managed and tractable. She would often kiss his dear little abused face and stroke his hair, at which he would look up with astonishment, saying on one occasion, "Miss Osborne, am I so very naughty?" "No, dear, why do you ask?" "Well, Mamma says I am very bad and all the others say so, too—so I must be. I am too naughty to go to any of the parties the others go to and am never kissed by anybody but you and you don't seem to mind my naughtiness—Do you?"

Cassie felt too sad and sorry to answer, simply straightened once more his refractory curls and bent her head and lips to his soft cheek. Mr. Shouldhang had received several anonymous letters at different times advising him to have his little son removed before any serious thing happened. Either the man was too tired to make an important move in the matter or too stupid to realize how serious things were at home. In the matter of such hatred which prevailed between mother and child, amounting to a species of insanity, he did nothing, but was heard occasionally protesting in a mild manner to her treatment of Percy but was so speedily squashed he had no nerve left for opposition, being of a timid and nervous temperament. The end of it all was that little Percy, being heard screaming one night in the usual way no one went to his rescue. When his mother went up, after delaying longer than usual and found the little fellow in flames, instead of rushing to his bedside and extinguishing the increasing wave of flames she rushed downstairs herself screaming for help. When other members of the household got there, it was too late to save the child. There was a strong smell of paraffine and several ends of burnt matches found around the bed, showing the mother's mad and wicked scheme to get rid of her child and her clever cunning.

The child was buried without any investigation. What won't money do? But the people getting wind of what had happened and knowing a great deal about the case—through the servants' talk—were not satisfied, and some crowds followed the hearse carrying the charred remains of this poor little martyr—one of God's own cherubs slaughtered at the stake—full of innocence and void of guile. One wonders how such things should be and still are taking place in different forms. There were angry murmers amongst the people. The words "murder" and "murderess" were frequently heard above their breaths. Trouble was brewing. Shortly after the burial the body was exhumed and investigated on which paraffine was plainly to be found. Mrs. Shouldhang was to stand for trial for manslaughter. She wrote Cassie a very charming note, asking her to be chief witness at the trial. The daring cheek. Cassie had left and was now at home taking a rest unable to stand the strain any longer—heart broken at hearing of the terrible news that had come out in the *Brighton News*, she hardly knew which way

to turn. Speak in Mrs. Shouldhang's favour—it was utterly impossible. She would tell the truth whatever happened, whose ever witness she was. It so happened she was never called up at the trial at all which so saved Mrs. Shouldhang's neck as Cassie's evidence would have certainly lost her her case. The lawyer employed by the prisoner at the cost of 100 guineas a day had to earn his guineas and did, as, Mrs. Shouldhang was actually proved "Not guilty" by her lawyer's cleverness. So much for right and justice where money is concerned.

Miss Heathcoat, being most interested in the case, sent an invitation to Cassie to come and see her, which she did. We therefore got most of the details from her besides getting a daily Brighton paper. On hearing that Mrs. Shouldhang was let off, Miss Heathcoat was quite upset and declared that she would appeal against the decision, but she eventually calmed down and the matter was dropped. With the people who lived in the same town as Mrs. Shouldhang, it was very different. They hissed and hooted at her. She daren't show her face outside of her own house. A state of affairs which ended in the family removing to another place where they were unknown.

Incredible as this story may be, I must again say every fact mentioned is perfectly true. After all it is only one case of thousands being enacted out daily in different parts of the world. Cruelty to children in various ways. What about the woman who was in the habit of chastising her little girl by tying her to a tree and whipping her with stinging nettles? What more abusive and cruel? The unfortunate little one who has the misfortune to have a hard, cruel mother, is a veritable martyr, not for one day but for all days, a steady run of daily martyrdom—which is hard to ferret out and bring to exposure, as few care to interfere in others' household affairs. Only occasionally will something happen to force the public to take notice and make inquiries. In that case the little abused one is taken away and put in some kind sheltering home. Children are not the only victims of martyrdom. There are just as many women, wives of brutal, harsh, depraved husbands who usually manage to get timid, delicate little trustful souls to share their love and lives with them. The knot once tied—to them the end of all, which is sacred and worth living for, veritable victims of hopeless despondency, sinking lower as the years pass on.

A PECULIAR WEDDING

Annie Hadtowed was one of the Cliftonites ready to take a position as governess. For a matter of convenience this name is given to her. She was also the orphan of a clergyman, who had left his five children to battle with the world with whatever energy and brains they had been endowed. Annie was the eldest and had heard of a home as governess to the children of a widower, also a minister. She was 21 years of age and accepted the position offered to her without any compunction whatever. She found on reaching her destination that one of the pupils was as old as she was, which was rather awkward, but as the girl was not very advanced for her age, that did not matter in the least. Annie was very comfortable and the children quite fell in with her ways and wishes. What did matter, was the fact that the Reverend gentleman began to be very attentive to Annie, although it was barely six months since his wife had been laid in her last resting place. Annie had the option of accepting a position as wife to the master of the house or leave the coast clear for another. She accepted him rather than leave and be once more without a home. He was thirty years older than she was but "beggars cannot be choosers," so she resigned herself to her fate. The wedding day was soon fixed. There was to be no delay or festival. Mr. Hurry made one request to his new young bride, that her wedding dress should be of black material as the family was still in mourning. He presented her with a pair of black gloves on the morning of their wedding, which took place from the Rectory, strange to say. Stranger still, Mr. Hurry had given an order that the "Dead March in Saul" be played on their entrance and the wedding march at the finish. The church was draped all over in black which gave the whole thing a very sad and solemn aspect. To make things more peculiar than ever, one of the children brought a thin black cat from the house and held it during the service.

Most people thought that Mr. Hurry had got a bit muddled in the upper story. All felt sorry for the poor little wife who had so innocently taken such a care on herself. Mr. Hurry still conducted the services well and gave an excellent sermon, the only strange thing about it was during the delivery of his sermon

he would walk up and down the aisle and each time he came to his wife's pew he would stop and fix his eyes on her for fully half a minute, making the poor girl blush and feel so confused. What was the sad result of this unusual marriage, I am unable to say, having lost sight and knowledge of the people. Sad it was sure to be and Annie adds one more to the already long list of martyrs. Another lamb to the slaughter.

ALICE HAD TWINS.

Alice needs help and sends for me. She is all alone with three babies. Duty appeals to my better nature, besides a fair amount of curiosity to see those little wee baby boys. Rochfort was away expecting to stay about three weeks. The house was so much nicer without him. His nerves would not permit any rattling of paper or undue coughing, which was quite a strain on others nerves and actions. It was a relief to have him out, one could then cough at leisure without causing annoyance. This was not his fault, poor man. It was the result of too many years spent in India where he and his brother lived with their parents. His father, Major Rochfort, was serving in the 27th Madras Native Infantry.

The children were in the habit of playing around a pet elephant who guarded them from the flies, when they, eventually overcome by the heat, would drop off to sleep. Many are the tales told of this most wonderful and intelligent beast who was more than half human. He would guard the children from any sort of danger and was of tremendous size. Major Rochfort himself had captured this elephant in the wilds of India, besides many others of less consequence. The Major was a great hunter and would bring home various animals to be petted if they would permit themselves to be handled.

Some kind friends had invited me to London for my summer holidays. It was therefore rather disappointing to have to leave just then when the time was passing most agreeably.

On entering "Woodlands" I see the most interesting sight. A large sized cradle with a sweet little baby lying in each end, dressed in white embroidered frocks. Both were awake and gazed at me with apparent wonder and quivering lips, while standing by their side is dear little Babage—Rochfort's Hindu-

stance name for her, which means "darling child." She is gently rocking her little brothers and singing "ba-ha-ba-ha." At this pretty sight I am more than pleased at having decided to come. Alice also looks happy and proud of her little ones. The tea is set and the room cosy.

"How nice it is in here, Alice, and what sweet little babies," I exclaim. "However can you manage all by yourself, and they look so beautifully clean, too?"

"Well, I can't nurse them much. They have just to lie there and watch me move around. The only one who is ever nursed is 'Evan.' He is so delicate, nobody thought I could ever rear him, he is only half the size of Harry and was too weak at first to cry. I had always to look at his face to see if he was crying or not. But he is much stronger now since his limbs have been rubbed with oil, which I have never failed to do since he was born.

"Oh, poor little chappie." I lift him up and oh! how light he seemed to be and his little head fell to one side as if he had not the strength to hold it up. Will this poor little specimen ever live to be a man? I wonder. Harry is a beauty but not half so friendly inclined as Evan, who will go to anybody, consequently I contented myself with admiring Harry at a distance, nursing Evan and talking to Babagee, who was the sweetest little girl of three that ever breathed, brown eyes and rosy cheeks.

We had finished tea and Alice was upstairs putting the babies to bed, when there were footsteps to be heard approaching the house and much to my surprise, and I must admit disappointment, the door opens and in comes Rochfort. This was the first evening of my arrival and I thought we were going to be alone for three weeks. My astonishment was so great I am afraid I forgot my manners and sat glued to my chair without uttering a word. Rochfort patted Babagee's cheek fondly without appearing to notice the presence of another in the room. In the meantime, to say I felt confused and abashed, is to say but little. The Captain suddenly turned to me saying, "Why didn't you speak to me when I came in?" I got up and rushed out of the room. That night, being thoroughly unused to babies, when they wanted to be fed and started to cry, I awoke, finding myself sitting up in bed rocking myself to and

fro with a bundle of bedclothes in my arms, being doubtless under the impression that it was one of the babies.

Alice had one at the head of the bed and another at the foot. When one cried the other would be sure to start, too. Then there was a desperate search for the bottles and the right nipple for each. With eyes heavy and blind with sleep, Alice would endeavour to fill these bottles from a supply near at hand and more often than not would succeed in raining a plentiful supply on the bed. During this proceeding the babies were both roaring as lustily as their lungs would permit them. Then there was a sudden silence and the members of the household once more settled down to peaceful slumber until the next feeding hour, then a repetition of the same thing.

The Captain goes in for boating. Things were rather improving at Woodlands. The Captain invested in a rowboat and would spend quite a bit of time on the Southampton Water. At times he would jerk a sort of invitation at me in this way. "You can come and have a row with me if you like, but please yourself, it doesn't matter to me." It usually ended in my going. We would cross over towards Netley Hospital, then steer around towards the Southampton Docks and Hythe Pier and back again. We never ventured seawards. Later on the rowboat got too tame and the next investment was a small yacht. It was far beyond the Captain's means, but that didn't matter in the least. His brother Cooper got one, too, and a man to look after it. These were luxuries of short duration, pleasant while they lasted, but the finality ever within sight.

There is now a fourth baby on the scenes, as sweet and lovely as the rest. His mother's own spoilt darling, right on to the end—by name Gustavus Spirling.

PICNICKING

We are going to celebrate the twins' birthday by a picnic. It takes place during the summer holidays and necessarily I am at hand, as usual. After no end of trouble we have succeeded in securing a donkey tame enough to go straight ahead without turning to the right or to the left, and calmly endure all the whacks that Alice likes to lay on his back. Everything is ready, the children all decked out in their best white pelisses, though

who is going to see them goodness only knows. They are now all at a walking age and beyond the bottle stage. "The Lord be praised for all small mercies." They are packed into the cart with the catables, and Alice boldly takes the reins; with such a load it is impossible to trot, besides it is all uphill. Our destination is Fawley, a lovely place within sight of the Isle of Wight—a distance of six miles. There is no room for me, so I walk. The donkey pricks up his ears at the flick of the reins and makes a plucky start. No one knows whether the Captain is coming or not. He is a man of very few words and no one dreams of asking his intention. However, he does come and has no difficulty in keeping up with us with his long legs and even strides. Before we had got a mile ahead the babies became restless. "Mother, I want a bun," said one. "Me, too, me want dink." "Me want to get down," and so on. There was nothing to be done but attend to their wants and as by this time we had reached the Common, we yanked them all out and laid the cloth on the nice green grass. The Captain seemed just as ready to eat as any of us and partook of all the good things Alice had got ready for us. The babies, not understanding having the table on the ground, were rather inclined to walk across the middle of the feast, but after a "gentle" tap or two delivered by "Mother" they were brought somewhat to order. The donkey grazed greedily on the plentiful green grass while he had the chance and was more refreshed and ready to start on the journey again when everything was loaded up for the second time. The rest of the journey was made without any adventures. The children one by one dropped off to sleep and needed no attention, except to see that they did not take a header off their seat on to the road beneath. This was a most lovely drive, an ideal spot and quite new to me. On arriving on the picnic ground we had another splendid meal and then rested. About six o'clock the Captain said, "You had better be moving. It is time to pack up the things. I am going to harness up and then walk on."

Alas! When we went to get the donkey and cart he was nowhere to be found. He had never been tied and had walked off to get his supper. After a long search we could see something on a hill about a mile off which was the animal we wanted. Leaving the children alone to manage without us, Alice and I started out to get him back, fearing much that on seeing us

approach him he would start off again at a trot. However he did not do so, but allowed us to get up right close to him, but such was our utter ignorance of how to handle the harness on a beast—the crupper had dropped off his tail and we were such cowards, it took us more than half an hour before we got the courage to raise the tail and slip it on again. "You do it, Genie," "No, I'm afraid he may kick; I'll hold the tail if you will put it on." "Quick, then. He will move on if you are too long." That is exactly what did happen. We had just got the crupper nicely in place with fear and trembling when out it came again and there was all the same performance to go through again. However at last after all this delay we got the harness on again. In the meantime the daylight was rapidly going and there were six miles to go before we could get home with a slow donkey, four babies and inexperienced, timid females to run the show. We got back in the pitch dark. Not only that but the donkey refused to go a step when once it got too dark to see the way without one of us walking in front of him all the way. Such was the end of what might have been a very pleasant day had the Captain acted in the right way. If he did not want to stay with us any longer he might at least have tied up the animal after harnessing him, or told us he had not done so.

LITTLE NEWS STORIES COLLECTED FROM THE NEPEAN FAMILY

I get an invitation to my cousins, the Grants, which did not take long to decide about. My cousin, Emma Nepean, was married to Colonel Alexander Grant, of the Hyderabad Contingent, who, with several other members of the Nepean family, took prominent parts during the Indian Mutiny. Emma had spent many years in India during her married life. Marrying very young she had ten girls born to her, only two of whom she was able to rear on account of the unhealthy, hot climate. While visiting them when they were living near Brighton with old Mrs. Nepean, wife of General Nepean and mother of Emma Nepean, the old lady would tell us many interesting tales about their former life in India while their husbands were serving during the Mutiny.

On one occasion the town in which Colonel Grant's family were living was so dangerously threatened by the natives that he thought it best for them to move out as soon as possible, carrying with them some valuable papers that he otherwise might lose. Emma and her young baby were put under the charge of two reliable servants of the Hindoo tribe, carrying a small amount of provisions. It had been a hasty retreat and they were to go to the next large town which so far was undisturbed by the natives. Arriving as far as a certain river, usually passable, they found that recent heavy rains had swelled it so that it was impossible to cross without making a long detour. Emma sat on the river side with her baby while the Hindoos hunted a shallower place through where it might be possible to cross. After some hours' delay, they decided to make the venture as it was hardly wise to remain where they were. In the distance threatening sounds could be heard of yells and tumult. The natives were mad and thirsting for blood; Emma was hungry and full of fear for herself and baby. The Hindoos decided to do their best. One took Emma on his shoulders and told her to hold on to his head with her hands and not be afraid. She objected at first, but finally realizing it was the only way of escape had to give in. The other Hindoo took charge of the baby. They got across safely with but a slight wetting and were left in a dry spot to wait while the natives recrossed again and again to fetch what things had been left behind on the other side of the river. They had stripped their own clothes off before entering the water as they are in the habit of doing. Wrapping their clothes around their necks or anything they wished to keep dry, they then waded through, once having got safely through they knew it could be done again.

It was midnight before the party reached a small hamlet where they hoped to put in the night. Tired and hungry they begged a shelter and rest. "No, ma'am. We are full up," said the landlord. "But we cannot go a step further. Cannot you find a spot for us to rest for a few hours out of the way of pestiferous flies and insects. I can't stand it any longer and my baby will be sick soon if no shelter can be had," said poor Emma, who was almost too worn out to speak. The man thought a while and a shade of pity crossed his face as he looked at the weary mother and child. "Well, there is the cellar. Every

blessed place is filled up with folks who have dropped in on us during the day, for the same reason as you have, and now we cannot possibly take one more. We can put a bit of straw down for you to lie on. It won't be very nice, but it is all I can do. Anyway you will be safe from the natives. We are thirty miles from the mutiny. They may be along here in a few days, but we hope not." "Oh, yes, the straw in the cellar will do," said Emma. "I am too tired to care where it is as long as I can rest in peace."

That night was a night of terrors. Tired and covered with dust, Emma and her baby lay on the pile of straw which had been thrown down for them. Giving the baby a biscuit to chew at, both dropped off to sleep almost before they were aware of darkness, foul odours or vermin of every kind. Emma was soon roused by the consciousness that something alive was rushing across her face, not one but many. Remembering the baby and her biscuit she then knew what was the attraction. "Rats, hungry, starving rats." She managed to get hold of the biscuit, which baby was hugging tightly in her little chubby hand, and threw it as far away from them as she could. While that lasted the vermin were kept away from them. Emma could hear the rats worrying away at it and giving shrill squeals of satisfaction or dissatisfaction as the case may be. She again dropped off into a sound slumber and was once more aroused by the rats who had come back for the remaining crumbs close to baby's face. The rest of that dreadful, ever remembered night was spent in frantic efforts to keep these ravenous creatures off the baby's face and her own. No more rest or peace for Emma at any rate. The rats became more and more plentiful as time went on. It was not safe to drop off to sleep for one minute even if she could have done so, and Emma knew that getting on towards daylight the rats gradually crept into their holes and peace and quiet once more reigned in this nightmare hole and Emma ventured to sleep to late on in the morning. The Hindoos had passed the night in the stable. Rats or no rats nothing would disturb them. The party moved on again next morning, travelled all day in the heat and eventually arrived at their destination, sometime during the following night. They were quite safe now. The Mutiny, being subdued soon after this.

event, the inhabitants of that town remained undisturbed to the end. Two of Emma Grant's children died in a week from diphtheria.

Whether this story will be believed or not, it is hard to say. The story is related exactly as it was heard from Emma Grant herself. Both children were at very low ebb. The mother had been nursing her little ones night and day ever since this dread disease first made its appearance. The doctor has come daily to see his patients and on this occasion was rather alarmed at Mrs. Grant's worn-out appearance.

"Mrs. Grant, this will not do at all. You must go out for a drive. If not you will surely be ill yourself and that will never do, especially just now."

"But, Doctor. How can I possibly go when the children are so ill. Suppose anything should happen while I was away, I would never forgive myself."

"Nothing will happen—both children are better. I can see a vast improvement since yesterday. I beg of you to go out for a couple of hours. We will see to the little ones while you are away."

"Are you really quite sure there is an improvement?"

"Yes, quite certain."

Mrs. Grant, feeling confidence in her doctor, was prevailed upon to go for a drive into the country air. She felt that, while driving, her mind was perfectly at ease about the children, when, to her great amazement she sees in the sky an angel carrying away one of her children. She immediately calls out to the coachman, "Drive home, quick, my child is dead. I have just seen her in an angel's arms." The driver turned the horses' heads homewards, feeling sure that his lady's mind was somewhat unhinged. But when they got back, true enough, the little one had passed away just about the time when her mother had seen her being carried away. This seems almost incredible, but what can one do but believe a statement of that kind given by the witness herself. Mrs. Grant loved the Bible and all pertaining to it. She had seen a great deal of trouble and knew where to go for comfort. Later on in her life God heard and answered a repeated prayer offered up to Him and blessed her with a son. Colonel Grant was heard to swear that if the newly expected baby turned out to be a girl he would surely "wring

its neck." It was therefore fortunate that the child proved to be the desired sex and not only was Colonel Grant thankful for it, but he is known to have flung himself on his knees and returned thanks to God for the blessing. However the Colonel died when the boy was but three years of age, so that after all he was hardly able to appreciate the benefits of raising a son.

While in India—the heat being so intense during the summer—the ladies do no kind of work, but leave everything to the natives who can stand the heat without any inconvenience whatever. Mrs. Grant very occasionally would visit the kitchen area and was so displeased at the way the cooks usually did their work, it would annoy her very much. Once she was down and noticed the cook straining the soup through one of her silk stockings. "Cook, how dare you use one of my stockings to strain the soup with," she said. "Well, ma'am, it was only a dirty one." After that no one knew what they had been eating, or were likely to eat, but had to trust to luck.

JUST IN TIME

This is another little incident cut out of *Bow Bells* in the year 1870, about another member of the Nepean family and my mother's cousin, showing what serious events might take place through neglect of duty.

"ADVENTURES, NATIONAL CUSTOMS, AND CURIOUS FACTS."

"JUST IN TIME."

"The following interesting story is told of Sir Evan Nepean, formerly Under Secretary of State of Great Britain:—One summer night he was affected with an unaccountable sleeplessness, and being quite weary of lying awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at three in the morning, strolling aimlessly, more from daily habit than anything else, down to the Home Office. Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum book: '*A reprieve to be sent to coiners ordered for execution at York.*' Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him that he called up the chief

clerk in Downing Street, who said that he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. 'But have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?'—'No.'—'Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane.' They did so, and found him in the act of stepping into his gig, for a country holiday. *He had forgotten the reprieve, and left it locked up in his desk!* The fleetest express procurable was despatched, and reached York just as the criminals were mounting the cart. It too often happens that familiarity with such trusts begets a corresponding indifference to them. The signalmen employed on our railways declare that the hardest thing for them to bear in mind is the fact that hundreds of lives depend upon their constant vigilance, and at the most critical moments sleep, or even recreation, sometimes prove almost irresistible temptations to the neglect of duty."

TWO TOTAL ECLIPSES

Alice is in high glee. Ada and I are both there at Woodlands for a short time, and we are all feeling quite hilarious about nothing. We were sometimes rather given to giddy spells for no reason whatever, except good health and natural cheerfulness when there was nothing to mar our happiness. Such was the case just that day when Alice suddenly remembers that it was the Captain's birthday. He had been behaving himself remarkably well lately, or she would never have given the event a second thought.

"It is Rochie's birthday," she announced. "Let's celebrate it in some way? What shall we give him?"

"I don't know. He does not care a rap for cake or any sweet meats," said Ada.

"Well, we will buy him a bottle of real good wine. He has only had beer for ages. He will be sure to like the wine. It will be quite a change for him."

No sooner said than we dress the children and set off for Hythe and there procured a bottle of good port. Rochie was more than surprised at the gift and tested it right away, declaring it to be "pretty good stuff." By tea time the bottle showed signs of several visits or tests and was nearly half gone. We did not half like the look of things and began to wonder if it

had been a wise move to get the wine at all. After tea and the children in bed the Captain became unusually talkative and presuming. There happened to be a total eclipse of the moon that night, so we spent most of the evening watching it. In the house there was another total eclipse which also took up a good deal of our attention. The birthday wine had quite eclipsed the Captain's brain, which was only used to mild beer.

When we were ready to go in we found we were locked out without any wraps and the Captain had retired to bed. Anyway after a while he came down again and unlocked the door and let us in. No doubt one of the children became restless and he was afraid of being alone with them and so thought better of keeping us out any longer. "Resolved, No more celebrations of birthdays on any plea whatever."

I LEAVE CLIFTON HOUSE FOR FRANCE

My last term in Clifton House is nearly over. I must launch out somewhere else but am quite unsettled in my mind as to my next movements. Having bid farewell to my many and dear friends very reluctantly and feeling sorely depressed at having to do so, I board the train once more for Southampton, where it remains for me to stay until further arrangements are to be made as regards my future. Ada is also there and we discuss between us what it is best to do.

It also happened that Fred had struck about small wages given to him after six years of faithful service in Dent's glove manufactory. He went to the manager and told him he could not live any longer on £30 a year and board himself. So far he had been obliged to partly live on his friends to make both ends meet and his tailor had kindly given him credit or he could not have dressed himself as a gentleman considered that he should be dressed. The manager would do nothing. "If you give up the job," he said, "there are hundreds of young fellows waiting to take your place."

"Then, by jingo, let than take it. I will not stand for it one day longer and do the work." He bounced out and slammed the door behind him, knowing well that what the manager had said about the hundreds waiting to take his place was only too true. There was no possible chance of a rise for years so he

would await his chance and in the meanwhile take a holiday, something would turn up. In this way Ada and Fred and I were all of us adrift. Robert was still in South Africa and doing well. Why not go out there, too? England was overcrowded with people in our position. There was no room for us. We should get out where there was a better chance. Alice was opposed to the scheme and Ada was so unsettled as to what she had better do that she started to weep. After listening to more of Alice's objections, Ada looked towards me who hitherto had had but little to say in the matter. "Well, Genie, what had we better do about it?"

"Don't think or hesitate any more about it but go. We are not wanted here; you know that well enough. What ever makes you think of staying?"

Alice was furious at my saying what I did and answered angrily, "What do you know about it? It isn't for you to say."

"I know a great deal about it and now we have a chance to go the sooner we go the better."

Fred was delighted with the arrangement. It only remained for us to get the money for the journey. Being under age we were unable to go what we knew was coming to us later on, but we had friends who would be willing to advance what we wanted. I wrote to an old lady friend asking her to oblige me in the matter and Fred wrote to one of his friends. My friend, Miss Greaves, answered immediately on receiving my letter, saying she would be very pleased to do what I wished, but having misspelt one of the words in my letter, she said, "How would you like to spend a twelve month in France before going to South Africa. By that time you would be better informed, older and more fit to launch out on your own account?"

Such a proposition was most delightful. Miss Greaves offered to advance any necessary money required for a year's schooling and arranged everything herself about the school and journey. Ada and Fred left for the Cape and I was to follow then later on.

PARIS

Taking leave of Fred before leaving, how little I thought it would be the last I should see of him for so many weary years. It is now forty years since we parted and there is still little

chance of our meeting again unless something unlooked for happens. He is in Switzerland while I am in Canada and the great German war with the Allies is now raging in France, very near the spot where I was destined to go forty years ago.

Alice very kindly accompanied me to the steamer which was to take me across the Channel, with two new tin boxes containing all my worldly possessions and fresh outfit of clothes. I had quite a feeling of importance. There was no one on board when I stepped on deck, but very soon another young girl also arrived and we got chumming right away and decided to travel together as far as possible. Unfortunately, she got out two stations before we reached Paris so that I should not have the pleasure of her company on reaching Paris where it was necessary for me to pass the night and start travelling again at eleven o'clock the next forenoon. A man of middle age sat in front of us in the train and was able to speak English fairly well. We both asked him questions about the country which he seemed very pleased to answer. On nearing Paris I felt quite grieved and slightly anxious when my newly found friend got out. It was getting very late and I had no idea where to locate for the night. Still occasionally conversing with the gentleman opposite me I ventured to ask him the names of some of the hotels nearest the station. Then much to my surprise and indignation he began to write little notes and pass them over to me which I refused to take and declined to speak to him any more. We were nearing Paris every minute and gradually the people left the carriage we were in and I felt dreadfully nervous. As the people got out I shifted my seat nearer the other end until there was only one left, then that one got out but as she got out another man got in, so here I was all alone with two men who were sitting close together talking and about me. It is clear that it was so, as every now and then they would say something and glance towards me. It was evident that even though so near Paris I must shift my quarters the very next station. The train slowed up and I made frantic efforts to open the door but it is beyond me. One of the men came forward saying, "Permettez moi, mademoiselle," and opens it for me. I say, "Je vous remercie, Monsieur," and then rush out in order to enter another carriage. This was difficult as every carriage

was full, but at last I managed to squeeze in without any opposition and then awaited the dread arrival at Paris.

What should I do when we got there and so late at night?

Well, on arriving I boldly got out and had hardly taken more than a dozen steps when a gentleman came towards me, apparently an Englishman. "Do you want to go to a hotel?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, follow me and I will show you the way."

Having confidence in him, being an Englishman, I follow him without the slightest hesitation. He took my bag and within a

few minutes we stood on the steps of a hotel where he spoke to the clerk and then left me. I was shown up several flights of

stairs and then into a very tiny room, nearly filled up with a single bed heavily curtained. Much dismayed on trying to

close the door, I find there is no latch or bolt of any kind to secure privacy. "Now, here's a fix." I suspect everybody and

everything and look around to see in what way the door can be fixed to keep out intruders. The only available thing possible

to move was the washstand and this is soon dragged over and shoved against the door. This bit of furniture was of no light

weight and did fairly well for the purpose with my bag on the top as well. Having satisfied myself that all was secure I proceed

to undress ready to retire for the night and being in vast need of refreshment, sat up in bed and chewed away at some

dry biscuits which still remained in the lunch basket and drank some lemonade from a quart bottle, always keeping my ears

alert for any sounds that might be heard in the passage or on the stairway. There was perfect silence, so being satisfied in the

inner man the light is put out near at hand and I nestle down amongst the soft pillows and prepare to settle down for the night.

"How silly of me to be so frightened. There was nothing to be afraid of. I am just a nervous kid. All the same it is quite a

relief to have the door so well barricaded. No one could possibly come in without making a jolly noise, and with my noted good

sound lungs it would be easy to rouse the whole house if anyone dared to force themselves." So saying in my own mind I settle

down to sleep and was just dropping off when someone tried the door then knocked softly and spoke. "Heavens! what is that

at the door." I tremble and my heart goes pit-a-pat at a fearful rate, but never a word from me. I pretended to be asleep and

the visitor, whoever it might be, walks away. This is a weird

kind of a place for a young girl to be in by herself and I welcomed the daylight and got out of the hotel as soon as I was dressed, not even waiting to have any breakfast. The clerk said on receiving money due to him, "I sent the porter up to see if you wanted any supper last night. He knocked twice but you were fast asleep and did not hear him." "Didn't hear him, indeed. A rather strange hour to come and ask about supper." This was not uttered aloud but thought on crossing the threshold towards the main entrance.

My next adventure was on arriving at Pensionnat St. Pierre, Bar-le-Duc, also after all had retired for the night. I was shoved up some narrow stairs, halfway up a door opened into my future bedroom, in the wall as it were. My bed was near the door and there were four other beds occupied. The person who showed me upstairs pointed to the bed saying, "You are to sleep there, mademoiselle. We expected you a week ago, and your bed has been ready since then." A miserable little lamp was left for me to see my way into bed. Each bed showed curious eyes peeping out at me but no word was spoken. Once between the "duvets" or feather pillows top and bottom which comprised the bed and the so-called light out, it was not long in discovering that the sheets were so wet and damp that it was impossible to sleep. In fact there was no sleep, but tossing from one side to the other all night long. Had I been in a room by myself the best thing would have been to get out of it but the fear of disturbing the others made me remain where I was till morning, when one of the girls brought me up a basin full of chocolate and a slice of dry toast, the usual French "*dejeuner*."

It was an English girl called Gertrude who had been in this same establishment for three years really for her health as she was subject to fits inherited from her father. "How did you sleep?" she asked. "Sleep," I said. "Never a wink. The bed is soaking wet. If this does not lead to sickness my name is not what it is."

"Well, what is your name?" she said.

"Geraldine Hearle. And don't forget to pronounce the H or it will make me an Earle."

"What a lovely name. I am quite in love with it," said Gertrude. "But what about your bed? Don't stay there any longer. I will report to the housekeeper and they will give you

some dry sheets before night. You will not have ~~to do~~ any lessons today, but do what you like. Aren't you going to eat your breakfast?"

"No, thank you. Can you manage any more yourself?"

"Yes, if you are sure you really do not want any," and she certainly was hungry enough to take it without the least effort. I soon got to learn to take my own portion gladly enough, too, and look for more. The food was highly flavoured with garlic which, to my taste, spoilt everything. There was very little of anything. "Nothing for nothing and precious little for saxe-pence," as the old cobbler was fond of saying. However, "An ugly sheep is better than no mutton," so it was either, eat what there was or starve. There is no sauce as good as hunger. We all learnt to demolish a chunk of dry bread as if it was the daintiest morsel. If I did not like my sour curds my neighbour would always be glad to take them off me.

There were eleven other English girls besides myself and we were always together and consequently were slower in learning to speak the French language than we would otherwise have been. This was a Catholic school, but we had our own church and our religious beliefs were not interfered with in any way. The girls were very nice to one another and tried to make the best of a poor job.

On Christmas Day we went to the early celebration, starting off cold we were nearly frozen before reaching the church, which was a good mile away. Kneeling at the altar the sip of consecrated wine that touched my trembling lips somewhat revived me and put some warmth into my soul. That never to be forgotten celebration on Christmas Day in France is well worth recording. We all felt alike, so far away from our earthly homes, and oh! so lonely, but on kneeling at the altar so near to Christ, our very loneliness brought us closer to Him.

On walking home not many words were spoken, but on entering the school one of the girls shouted, "Buck up, girls. Remember what day it is. We must be cheerful. This afternoon at four o'clock we can have the use of the sitting room and make tea and eat cakes and fruit. Then we can use the piano and sing to our heart's content. "We had to content ourselves with this, although it was a long time to wait. The mid-day meal that day was more unappetising than ever, but when

afternoon came with a little present for each and tea and cake accompanied with music and singing, warmth and jollity, our Christmas evening passed off very pleasantly after all. It was hard to fall into the French ways. Everything was so different. The school was situated on the top of a steep hill and was the former residence of the Dukes of Bar, hence the name Bar-le-Duc. A fine old building. The front rooms were mostly unused as the school was going downhill and changing hands too often to make a success of it. The lady who now had the place was again negotiating to resell and start a private school for foreigners in the lower part of the town. Two of the best girls had promised to follow her when she went and were not to say a word about it to anyone as it would interfere with the sale if it was known that any of the pupils were leaving. These two girls were sisters and my best friends. I knew nothing about their leaving until just at the last, when on hearing of their departure I made up my mind to leave, too, as it was only their presence which had made the place at all endurable. It was now nearly a year since my arrival, but owing to so many English girls being present there was not much progress made in speaking the language as we were all the time together.

TROYES-SUR-AUBE.

"Lillie, if you go away, I must go, too."

"So you can, old girl, There is no reason why you shouldn't."

"But where can I go to? I haven't got enough money to move about like you do. First of all I must write to Miss Greaves and explain why I am leaving. It all takes time to get an answer."

"Well, you can do that and when we are in Troyes I will do all I can to find another school for you where the priests are not against having Protestants. It will be a job perhaps, no doubt, as most of them do object and there are hardly any Protestant schools in these parts to go to."

"All right, then," I said. "I will write to England right away and by the time the answer comes you may have heard of a place for me."

That was more easily said than done, Lillie and her sister Jennie hunted for a week without any luck whatever, while I was eating my heart out at being left all alone. The new Lady

Superior had arrived who, knowing I was about to leave, made no effort to be agreeable. At last the two girls returned to Bar-le-Duc and took me away with them until further arrangements. I was so delighted it was hard to contain myself.

Bar-le-Duc is a very pretty town through which the river Ormain runs which divides up the town. The Upper Town stands on a steep hill which is approached by a good graded road of gradual slope. There is also a short straight cut which is more of a footpath than anything else, as no vehicles ever run there on account of the steepness but wide enough for houses to be built on each side where the poorer class appeared to live, occupying rooms. On taking this road it was necessary to be on the lookout, on hearing a window open, or you may be liable to receive the contents of a wash dish on your head. The drainage of the French towns in those days was exceedingly bad and unwholesome on this account. Everything was thrown into the street drain, so that in the summer especially there was a great deal of sickness and fever. The lower rooms in these buildings were very quaint. There were steps down to them from the outside and it was possible to see right into their living and sleep-rooms through the usually large wide window. Another means of mounting the hill was by 300 steps or perhaps more. It was a way not frequented by any of us girls after once doing so. It was too tiring and hard on the muscles. When Mademoiselle Racollet sold Pensionnat St. Pierre she took a smaller house in the lower town across the river and only took foreign pupils and a few of the *élite* of the town. She was very patriotic indeed, and when speaking of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 her face would get flushed and red with excitement and anger. She was living in Troyes-sur-Aube at that time and used to tell us a good deal about it. Having soldiers of the Prussians billeted on them for a few weeks, they used to feed them, but put so much salt in the food they were hardly able to eat it. This was for spite and hatred. Mademoiselle would say, "How I wished I was a man then, but being only a woman, what could I do—me? Why, nothing, but give them discomfort every chance possible. We did so, too—sure thing."

Mademoiselle Racollet was a big, fat woman of large, plain features—whether genuine or not, there may be doubt, but her ways and manners were always so genial and kind, she

won the hearts of all those who came in contact with her. There was always a hearty greeting ready for us on all occasions. "*Bon jour, ma petite. Comment va-t-elle aujourd'hui?*" and a pat on the back. We like a bit of petting, all of us. It was motherly and very acceptable. All of this had to be paid for so my visit there was but short. Mademoiselle got a school for me after all in Troyes, her birthplace, and her uncle was to give me music lessons at three francs a lesson. He was professor at the Lyceum and took what other pupils he could manage in between whiles. Before leaving Bar-le-Duc for Troyes, Lillie Stephenson and I took a long walk past Pensionnat St. Pierre and up through the woods beyond, through which lays the main road from one town to another. We come across some shrines dedicated to St. Marie and St. Joseph around which forms are placed to seat those who wish to rest and offer up silent prayer. For this purpose fine old trees are chosen and statues hung up around which pilgrims place small tokens—flowers, rosaries, ferns or pictures of saints. In fact, anything of little value. Even amongst the Catholics there are those ready to rob anything worth carrying away, so those little donations are coming and going all the time. Further on after a short rest we pass another shrine on a road slightly off the main road. This is dedicated to Jesus. The wooden statue of Christus stood stretching forth His gracious arms for benediction, but, alas! that was all that remained on the tree, everything else had been torn down and destroyed by some sacrilegious person.

No doubt such things often occur, but it soon gets built up again. The French are a God fearing people and respect all things pertaining to the Deity. They are also excitable and full of emotions, very fond of saluting with a kiss, not on one cheek only but on both sides, which means friendship. A kiss on the mouth means love. While to place the palm of the hand on a child's forehead means protection. They also consider their language as the language of man. The English as the language of birds. Most of their words being formed by the lips, while German, coming mostly from the throat, is the language of horses. In those days as now, hatred towards the Germans was very apparent. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine was a very bitter pill. If a person so far forgot himself or herself by speaking in German in the street, he or she would be insulted either by word

or expectoration. We spoke English or French without receiving any marked attention either way and the German pupils had to do the same. There were large shell holes still in some of the principal buildings which were there ever to keep up the spirit of hatred and antagonism towards their enemies who were even then preparing to make another attack which should prove fatal and squish them entirely and so place them under the German control. We hope and trust they will never be able to do so, never while France has friendly nations willing to help and to protect her in her sore distress. Every man, the hearts of every woman and child are bound up in their country's need. They would and did sacrifice anything for "La belle France." Being most abstemious in their home lives, the majority of the people would spend much on their dress. It was impossible to recognize who was who on the street. To see a person in their home and away from it was as different as chalk is from cheese. That is the case in most countries, but doubly so in France. Dress is the main thing thought of by the women of classes, and the most wonderful dresses and hats appear daily on the promenades. The same remarks apply to the men, only to a much more restricted sense.

A BREACH IN ETIQUETTE.

It has already been said that Mademoiselle Racolliet had the *creme de la creme* of the pupils in Bar-le-Duc. One of these was the daughter of Comte de Combarieu, their only child, a little fat interesting and sociable girl of fourteen years. Madame de Combarieu had given a general invitation to all of Mademoiselle Racolliet's pupils to her "At Home" once a week. This was the means of teaching the girls society manners of the very best. During the winter, the river being frozen over, parts of its surface were fenced in and masquerades balls given to invited guests of the upper ten by invitation only. Mademoiselle Racolliet and her girls were amongst the elite guests. We all went in together. There were several officers in gay attire and the band gave out the most exhilarating music. All those who could skate did so. There was a refreshment stall at the entrance and between the dances the different parties moved off the ice to refresh themselves. It was during one of

those intervals that my friend and myself were so interested in talking to our partners that we did not notice that Mademoiselle and her party had left. We thought they had as usual gone to the refreshment stall, till an old gentleman advanced towards us saying, "Young ladies, are you aware that your party have left the ice?" "No, surely not," we answered in surprise. "Yes, they have just gone," said the old gent. "Dear, what shall we do?" "I will see you home," says my partner. "And so will I," says the other one. Turning to the old gentleman who was about to suggest doing so himself they said, "That will be all right, Monsieur. We will see that these young ladies get home all right." As a matter of fact we should have allowed the staid old gent to escort us home and all would have been quite correct. As it was we both preferred being escorted home by the gay young officers. Being fresh to the country and unused to French ways, we were quite ignorant of the fact that it was considered not "*Comme il faut*" or proper to walk out with young men, especially at night. It was Mademoiselle Racolliet's fault entirely that we were thrown into such an awkward position, she had been busy talking on leaving and had quite forgotten or was unaware that we were not following with the others.

In the morning Madame de Combarieu came over to see Mademoiselle Racolliet about the young ladies who had been seen out the night before with red coats. Mademoiselle smoothed things over as well as she could and promised to keep us in for a few days until the matter had tided over. We certainly felt in deep or dire disgrace over nothing. It all seemed so queer. Had it occurred in any other country, nothing would have been said about it. "When one is in Rome you must do as the Romans do," and such a thing never occurred again. The longer we remained in France the easier it was to realize what a break of etiquette we had committed.

That was the only time during three years we were there that any of us ever spoke to a young man—even young engaged couples have no privileges of the kind, but are chaperoned wherever they go. The young girls have no chance to learn to love men they are to marry. If love comes at all, it comes after marriage. The parents arrange suitable marriages between their sons and daughters and then bring them together for

their approval. This does not mean that French marriages are not happy ones, quite the contrary. It is generally considered those kind of marriages turn out the best in the end. I have known of many, very happy ones.

My visit to Bar-le-Duc is at an end and my friends escort me to the station to see me off to Troyes, feeling very loath to go and meet fresh people and leave those so well known to me. On saying, "*Au revoir*," and receiving parting kisses from all around, I slip up into the carriage and my eyes so blinded with tears I hardly could see what I was doing. The train gave a sudden jerk and in order to save myself from a hard fall, I managed to knock a man's bowler hat off his head. "Hum," muttered the abused one. This little incident was the means of bringing me to my senses. Taking the further end of the seat opposite, after dabbing my still moist eyes I glance around meekly just to see how the man with the abused hat was taking the apparent insult, and would you believe it? He was actually laughing, there was a broad amused grin all over his face. Fully conscious of the humour of the whole thing I actually laughed too thus breaking the otherwise stiff silence. The hat rested by his side where it should have been before, and looked none the worse for the drop.

Mademoiselle Fransquin was the lady who kept the school at Troyes where I was to remain for the next two years. It was totally different from where I had formerly been. There was only one more English girl, by name Lydia Killner from the north of England. We had a room to ourselves with a large table in the centre and also a fireplace and two beds. It was quite a sitting room. We provided our own luxuries and fuel for the fire and were treated like members of the family, with freedom to go in and out at desire. If we did not care to attend any class we did not have to do so, but we usually did so during the morning as a matter of duty and amused ourselves in the afternoon. Troyes is situated on a flat plain through which four canals ran besides a river. The death roll at one time was so great that the authorities began to investigate the cause and it was considered necessary to drain off two of the canals which were artificial and therefore more or less stagnant and offensive. After that was done the list of mortality was much reduced, even then the town was not really a healthy one and

was during the summer subject to dreadful electric thunder storms which used to do a great deal of damage at times. The town was surrounded by wide promenades bordered by high poplar trees and public gardens. Two days a week the military band would play which made the town full of life.

Mademoiselle Fransquin and her sister Marianne ran their school very successfully and were liked by everybody. The food was good but sparing, seven and a half pounds of meat had to do for fifty pupils. Sometimes one got a bit of fat and sometimes a bone. If a person happened to get a square inch of good meat and could eat all without any waste that person was lucky. There was no pudding ever of any kind, but we were each allowed one teaspoonful of jam to help down our dry bread. Fridays, being fast days, we were occasionally helped with four or five frogs hind legs. These were most delicious and delicate but there was never enough of anything. The French girls would keep mopping their already clean plates with their bits of dry crusts in hopes of getting a bit of flavour of something. They were easily satisfied with little by way of luxury.

With my new friend, Lydia Killner, everything was very comfortable in our own little room, we providing our own luxuries to eat with the dry bread allowed to us. We spent most of our time in this room and learnt to look for each other's companionship and thoroughly enjoy it. Talking over many matters one day together, especially considering the advisability of moving to Germany, an advertisement was put into a German paper. There were just two answers to that announcement. A lady offered a small salary for lessons in English. This being much better than anything anticipated everything was arranged for my exit from France into Germany. It would, indeed, have been a pity not to get that far when so close to the border.

Lydia returns to England for a short spell and I take the train for Hanover. It was easy to discern when on German territory by the uniforms of the station agent and guards. Every telegraph post was also painted with black and white stripes, while, of course, the German language was spoken without exception. This was an uneventful journey and on reaching Celle, in Hanover, late at night, Frau von Pape stepped up to me on noticing a young girl alone and somewhat bewildered,

saying in broken English, "I tink you must be Miss Hearle—nicht war?" "Frau von Pape, I presume?" shaking hands. "Yes, de train very late is. I taught you never come." "I am sorry to have come in so late, and kept you up." "Oh, dat is noting so lon you come. Can you walk a little distance? We live not far away and de evening is good, not hurt anyone."

Frau von Pape then in her own strange manner of talking tells me she has but one daughter and a son, the latter is away in some military school, and is fourteen years of age, and the girl goes to a High School during the day and my duty would be to speak English all the time in the house so that the girl would get to know the language easily without any effort on her part. So far that seemed very simple. On nearing the house my foot tripped on something lying on the pavement which sent me rolling over in a very undignified manner. I quickly recovered my equilibrium and full of apologies for such clumsiness. Frau von Pape stood greatly concerned as to whether I had hurt myself in any way, at the same time with her own handkerchief brushed away the accumulated dust on my coat. Being reassured on that score in a few minutes we were mounting some stone steps up to the front entrance. Then up a flight of steps where Frau von Pape rented a suite of rooms and lived with her children and a servant girl called Nina. By that time all had retired and being shown to my room it did not take long to do the same. Each bedroom had a tiny heated sitting room attached to it which made it very cosy and private. In the morning my pupil was presented to me, an awkward red-headed girl of fifteen, whose eyes danced about considerably, quite devoid of any style in dress, her hair even was clumsily thrown together in a thick, red mass. She was, in fact, so unattractive I wondered how it would be possible to remain with her indefinitely from month to month. Breakfast consisted of a small bun each, made of wheaten flour, and coffee. I could certainly have eaten the whole lot myself. There was usually an odd one put on the plate which Thekla would take to school with her for lunch. Thekla was away till four o'clock in the afternoon, then she and I would walk out together and endeavour to talk. Until then there was absolutely nothing to do but to kill time. It was hard to get this girl to make any effort to speak anything but her own language. I persevered with her and kept asking her questions about her.

self and country, all of which was wholly uninteresting to her. What she wanted was to go around with her schoolfellows who were continually passing by and nodding to her. It was soon very evident that she had no use for me whatever and was eating her heart out at the restraint. In the evenings the mother would be out more often than not to some party and Thekla and I were left to ourselves to spend the evening in doing fancy work, reading English in turns. I chose for literature, "Stepping Heavenward," a sort of diary and easy for Thekla to comprehend. When away from her friends she would be passably friendly, but only passably. She sulked most of the time in a quiet way. This used to annoy me very much. "What good is it for me to talk to you, Thekla, if you do not try and answer?" I said one day. "I do speak, Miss Hearle," she said. "No, you don't. Here I am striving to find fresh subjects to talk about all the time and all you will trouble to say is, 'yes' or 'no' as the question demands. If you continue to go on like this I shall consult your mother about it and tell her it is no use for me to remain here if you do not do your part, too."

As Thekla did not alter much it was necessary to speak to Frau von Pape about it which changed things considerably. After the first three months, Thekla spoke English quite well and her mother, too. Having much time on my hands during the day I would sit in my own little parlour and paint numerous little pictures or write letters. During the summer holidays George von Pape arrived and made quite a change in the house. It was easy to see which was the favorite child to Frau von Pape. She devoted all her time to the boy, walking out with him and buying whatever he wished for, then returning to the house and reading to him by the hour. Thekla was simply nobody when George was at home. She felt it very much and during those times my heart would rather warm towards her. It all seemed so unjust. George was better looking and dark—not only that, he was born six months after his father's death, in that way filling up what was a terrible gap in his mother's life. The boy was spoilt in consequence, much to his own hurt.

One afternoon George and his mother went out together. We could plainly see that nobody else was wanted. Thekla and I were by ourselves and happening to pass by a restaurant with most delicious sweetmeats on view in the window, we look

in and see the other two seated by a table eating ice cream. This was the usual thing. Thekla never got luxuries like that. She was always put aside. I felt annoyed. "Come, Thekla," I said, "we will go and do likewise." "But, Miss Harlé, I have no money," she replied. "Oh, but I have," I answered. We entered the next best confectioners, and ordered sponge cake covered with delicious vanilla cream and for once exulted in luxury. In spite of their sour kraut and whatnot sausages, the Germans know how to make delicious things of all kinds and flavours. They are also generous in their servings, much more so than are the French, who, although exceptionally clever as cooks and making the most palatable dishes out of nothing, they give very little for your money.

After being treated in that manner, from that day on Thekla was very different towards me. One had to appeal to the inner man to touch the heart. That was not the last time we visited that store by a long way. Thekla no longer sulked at my companionship. She conversed well and easily and our evenings spent together were quite pleasant.

It was quite a relief when the boy left again for school and we had the house to ourselves. He was a bone of contention while there. He was in the habit of treating Thekla like a bit of dirt and was most insulting to her and me, too, sometimes. It was hard to understand all he said about me in my presence. Thekla used to try and make him keep quiet but it was hard to do so. One afternoon the mother was out and just only we three together. George became insulting and Thekla lost her temper, went towards him and struck him. There then started a pitched battle in which George pulled his sister's hair unmercifully. How I wish I could have been an ally and fought the enemy, too. He was so objectionable. As it was I contented myself with inspiring Thekla on in the fight. "Go it, Thekla. Give it him, he deserves all you can give him. You take too many insults from him, more than you have any right to." I knew perfectly well it was wrong of a person in my position to encourage anything of the kind; I should rather have put a stop to it, but the devil tempted me and I did listen to him. Thekla put an extra spurt on in hearing my voice and did not leave off until George gave in, much inclined to weep. Thekla had a few scratches on her face which told Frau von Pape the

sad tale that there had been a fight, she of course blamed the girl being the eldest and was quite disgusted at such a thing taking place while she was out. I told her plainly what my opinion was on the matter, stuck up for Thekla, saying how much she had to put up with from her brother, so her ladyship could say no more, but no doubt thought a lot. Peace once more prevailed when this presumptuous youth left.

Celle was a town mostly occupied by Hanoverians of the better class. Ever since the Prussians annexed Germany to Prussia, making one state of the two countries, there existed a bitter hatred between the two. The Hanoverians simply ignored the Prussians, neither attended their festivities, dances, concerts or allowed their daughters to intermix amongst them, thus forcing the girls to lead single lives until this hatred was more or less quieted by the lapse of years. There were hundreds of well to do moneyed girls of marriageable age without any suitors for their hands. It was a town of spinsters. The Prussians fetched their wives from other parts and needed no consolation whatever. The officers would strut about the town in great pomposity, many of their figures keeping religiously erect by steel corsets. Little they cared who favoured them and who didn't! In the centre of the town and surrounded by water, stood a castle where all royal visitors resided. The ice in the winter was made public for skaters and was a pretty spot both in the winter and the summer. During the intense heat of the summer all those who could possibly afford it spent a month or six weeks in the Swartz Mountains, Alps or on one of the five islands in the North Sea. The principal two of which are called Borkum and Norderney, those two being the largest and most frequented.

It is again summer. George von Pape is in our midst and it is decided for us all to spend a month in Norderney. This is quite a surprise to me, never expecting to be taken with them. I tell Frau von Pape not to think it necessary to take me but leave me behind, but no, she would not hear of such a thing and so we get ready and leave on a said day. Travelling up to Bremenhaben with a stop off in Berlin for a few hours, we board a small steamer which takes five hours to get across to Norderney. All the time we are travelling we get practically nothing to eat but some dry, sour sandwiches which everyone

refuses, so we go hungry by the way, always anticipating that something else will turn up, but it never did. Frau von Pape was very close in every way, never got what could possibly be done without. Knowing what I did of her it must have been a very big pile having to provide for me as well as themselves. Afterwards I learnt that this did not come out of her own pocket each of the children had an allowance and so had she, and Thekla's guardian provided for any expense that Frau von Pape was put to on her account. We were all hungry, but we endured its pangs hoping that better times were coming. Fortunately the sea was calm and no one ever complained of sickness. During the winter these islands are occupied by fishermen and their families. Their cottages are small, but during the summer every room possible is let out to visitors to the islands and they themselves huddle into as small a space as possible. By this means a great deal of money is raised as they charge high prices for very little accommodation. Frau von Pape engaged three rooms for the month. We had a slight breakfast and tea at home and dinner at the "*table d'hôte*." Most of the time was spent on the sands where there were crowds of people always gathered. For seats large basket high-backed chairs could be rented either by the hour or the month. As there was always considerable wind these high-backed chairs were very convenient, as the backs could be turned to protect one from which ever direction the wind happened to be blowing, thus sheltering the whole body if need be. Having been there a week there is a rumour spreads that one of the royal princes is expected on the island for a long stay. We, amongst the number, await the arrival of the steamer which is supposed to convey this important party, the band is continually playing the national anthem, then a cannon goes off to announce the boat's arrival. The man who is being saluted and made so much fuss about was then Prince Frederick William of Prussia, now Kaiser Wilhelm of Prussia. Little did one think on seeing him a young man of twenty-four, that he would be the cause of the slaughter of so many millions of fine men, women and children—a regular destroyer of nations for his own greed, a true example of swelled head. His grandfather, William I., was then reigning as emperor, but his destiny was about finished, he having lived to a good old age. He died and Frederick came to throne. He was not destined to reign for long, within a twelve

month or even less of his ascending the throne his throat became affected with cancer which finished his short career. His son then came to the throne at the early age of twenty-four or twenty-five. So ambitious and full of greed he became, he thought that Germany could rule all nations and has set out to do so, succeeding so far in destroying several states and killing vast millions. He has got so far but can get no further, the balance of the scales is still to be turned, we know not in whose favour. God is just and true and will turn the scale at the right time and on the right side. He alone knows why He delays and what the result will be in the end. We can only pray for justice, peace and freedom.

Going back to those days in Norderney, we used to meet the Prince and Princess with their escorts on the secluded parts of the sands. The Prince seemed young and frivolous, laughing and joking and pelting the ladies in waiting with pebbles. This was mean, knowing that these ladies could not retaliate, but it is on a par with what is being done in these days, bombarding defenceless towns, etc. The now Crown Prince was a baby in long clothes at that time and considered too delicate to stand the sea breeze so was kept in the shelter. What a pity, as it happens, that they didn't take him down and give him a taste of the lovely, healthful sea breeze, shame to deprive him of anything that is good! We used to walk past the house at times to see if a glimpse of this interesting piece of "*délicatesse*" could be seen but did not get any more satisfaction than a bobbing about of white lawn at a top window and a woman's face. The Prince carefully hid his deformed arm by placing or resting his hand in the breast part of his uniform coat. This looked so natural that only a few of the people knew that there was anything wrong with his arm. All his photographs are taken in the same way which conceals the disfigurement. The National Anthem was being played all day long at intervals and half through the night which made it very wearisome and monotonous. The people, especially the women, were so crazy to see the Princess that she could not even bathe without the greatest contrivance on the bathing woman's part to get her in and out of the water without exposing herself. The bathing woman being of large dimensions would escort the Princess out from the bathing house, keeping behind her all the time until she was far enough out not to be seen.

very easily, then returning the woman would back up again until she got to the bathing-house, the Princess in front of her. The people were standing around in crowds waiting for the Princess to walk up the hill towards her home. They were pushing and shoving forward as she approached as if they had never seen a woman before and peering into her face as close as they could get in the rudest manner possible. The Princess took no apparent notice of their forward insolence but walked quietly on through the crowd. Her dress was of the simplest so as to attract no notice. A plain straw sailor hat and fawn dustcoat of the simplest tailoring. Whatever might be the dress the lady herself had the bearing and manner of the class to which she belonged. Every inch a lady, her face fair and beautiful. "Has her life been happy?" It is a query.

To be changeable is one of the defects of our sex. Heaven be praised for those defects!

Instead of staying two years longer away before returning home to England it is now my intention to remain just the one year only. Feeling somewhat homesick and a yearning to be with my own family once more instead of with strangers, it is finally decided that I should leave Frau von Pape at the end of the year.

Herr von der Marshal comes on a visit. He is Frau von Pape's father and quite an old man. Evidently still an admirer of the fair sex as he never loses a chance of paying them a compliment whenever an occasion offers itself. During his visit we had sumptuous dinners. The old gent would wear evening dress and dribble his food all down his shirt front. There were marks of many former dribbles already there when he first arrived.

He was tall and thin and appeared to have some important government position.

One morning he emerged from his bedroom rather earlier than usual and came into the breakfast room where I was sitting in the bow window. "Guten tag, Fraulein. Sie sind so schoen und freish diese morgen." (Good morning, Miss. You look so nice and fresh this morning.) Taking my hand while saying this he held on so long that his daughter came in and caught him.

"Father," she said, "You are an hour earlier than we expected. Come along and we will have breakfast."

"Certainly, my girl. I am quite ready if you are."

"Miss Hearle, allow me," Offering his arm to escort me to the table.

The lady looked anxious at her father's little attention, but she need have had no fear. To me Herr von der Marshal was but a high souled simple minded old man with eternal youth ever in his eyes and heart. His manner rather amused me than otherwise. Old men never did appeal to me.

I made a resolution that before the old gentleman came to visit his daughter again I should be well on my way out of Germany.

In the interval while a coming event remains in a state of uncertainty, it is necessary to make all preparations for my next move. Thelka was really grieved at my departure. "How I shall miss you," she said one day. "My evenings will be so lonely. Mother is so often out. I have got accustomed to you now and I like you so much and you are going away. It is just my luck, anyway. We have had such jolly times together. What a silly thing I used to be at first and how many weeks we wasted before I got to understand and appreciate your company. Anyway, I shall write to you sometimes if I may, and do please write to me occasionally. Won't you?"

I promised I would and did for a time but have now lost track of their whereabouts.

IN DEAR OLD ENGLAND ONCE MORE

Returning to England I had yet to learn that a woman's courage rises with the greatness of the emergency. The cruel complications of my position revealed itself in all its unmerited hardships.

When, on arriving in my then "Home," it is very apparent that my presence is not required. After mending up all the children's clothes and house linen which appeared in pretty bad shape, I accept a very kind invitation from my dear old friend Miss Greaves. She had written and said, "After corresponding with you during the last four years I am naturally quite anxious to meet you. Can you come and spend a fortnight with me as

soon as possible? I am in London now for the winter months and my companion is away for her holidays, so I am alone and it will be nice for you to come." So here I am off to London once more to discuss with Miss Greaves principally about my next move.

A VISIT TO LONDON

Miss Greaves lived with her brother and they were both well off, living in Malvern Link in the summer and London during the winter. The old lady did a great deal of good with her money—helping where help was needed and a kind word was ever ready on her lips. We had a great deal to discuss and Miss Greaves was never tired of hearing of my experiences on the Continent. It was a never ending topic. During that fortnight much was said and done. The afternoons were spent in receiving visitors and I was requested to officiate at the tea table instead of the companion who was away. Miss Greaves and one of her sisters were very interested in what may be termed as the "great unknown beyond." They had so much time on their hands, being wealthy, and servants to do the needful duties of a home that it became their great desire to search into our after life and spiritualism. So far they had learnt all that could be learnt on these subjects and could get no further without getting near to the brink themselves.

Miss Greaves told me all about her sister saying to her one day, "Amelia. The only way we can find out about the next world is to let each other know when the time comes. Whichever of us dies first must let the other know in some way or other what they see or experience."

This was arranged between themselves and they never forgot it. As it happened Miss Greaves' sister was the first one to take sick and die. These were the last words she uttered when hardly able to articulate the sentence. "Tell Amelia there is another world."

A few years before this these two ladies interviewed a renowned lady spiritualist to get further information about spiritualism. On the door being opened there were numerous tapping noises to be heard all over and it was difficult to say where the sounds came from.

"What is the meaning of all this tapping?" asked one of the ladies. "It just means this, Madam, you two ladies are great mediums."

They were shown into a badly lighted room and the tapping still continued in a strange manner and both ladies felt rather inclined to be nervous and almost wished they had never come.

"Whose spirit would you like to see?" asked the spiritualist. These ladies had before coming made up their minds who they would have called up and it was the spirit of a young girl who had been dead for ten years. They wished to make it difficult to manage.

SPIRITUALISM

The woman went out of the room and still the tapping continued. After waiting what seemed to the ladies an interminable time the spiritualist returned, saying, "The person you are calling up has been dead a good many years. That is the reason that she is so long in coming. Her spirit has been away for so long it takes longer to come back, but she is coming."

The ladies are getting more and more nervous each minute as they wait. Then they hear a movement in the passage and something enters the room, walking straight towards them. It is nothing human—a sort of thin mist in the shape of a body almost impossible to describe. It all happened in a very short time as the ladies were anxious to get out. As the transparent figure advanced towards them, Miss Greaves, feeling terribly agitated, put up her hand, saying, "Don't come any closer, please," and the spirit stopped. "Who are you?" "Elsie Mace." "How do I know that you are Elsie Mace? Say something by which we shall know that you are she."

To their great surprise and almost terror the spirit brought out some favorite little speech that Elsie had been in the habit of saying. "By that," said Miss Greaves, on relating these facts, "we knew that we were speaking to this girl who had died ten years before. Not wishing to remain any longer we left the house with all kinds of strange feelings and were convinced enough and more than satisfied. In fact, we were sorry to have gone so far in the matter. Our minds and thoughts were unsettled for some weeks after our interview with Elsie Mace. We seldom touched on the subject again for long after, so anxious were we to forget

all about it. After all these years and my sister dead, I can venture once more to think and speak about it to others at times such as this. But I would not advise anyone to begin interfering with the spirits by table turning, planchette, thought reading, etc. Those are all beginnings to greater and more important things that one is better in ignorance of. Had I been married and had a family I should have had some other and better ways of passing my then long, wearisome life. There was then absolutely nothing else to do to kill the time till my brother's wife died and her sweet little baby girl came into my life just long enough to give me a taste of what it was to be a mother. She married and left me at the age of 21. Since then my life has again become loveless and empty. I now recommend my young friends to marry. It is not when one is young that it tells, but when age creeps on and you need to be surrounded by youth and vitality."

This dear old lady would talk about her niece's ways and cute little speeches by the hour. She also made me acquainted with a great deal of my own family history. She was better acquainted with my relations than I was myself. The idea of going to South Africa was once more dealt with. It was thought best that I should join the others out there as was first suggested. In fact, Miss Greaves managed the whole thing before I left again for Southampton, ordering a berth in a steamer that left Liverpool in about a month's time, but not paying for my ticket till I boarded the ship.

"Strange to say, Miss Greaves, although you have made all these arrangements for my crossing the sea, I do not feel as if I am destined to go."

"Well, really, my child, to tell the truth I feel just the same about it, but we can easily cancel the berth later on if it is not needed. It is a whole month yet which will give you ample time to change your mind if anything better turns up for you."

Before leaving Southampton for London three weeks ago I had promised to make a short stay at the Cowper Rochfort's who lived a mile out of the city. Mrs. Rochfort had the enviable knack of being able to make the home most cheerful, comfortable and cosy on a small salary and maid of all work. She could make a sovereign go twice as far as any other individual. Her husband spent most of his time in tilling the ground—making rockeries

and trimming hedges. He was nervous and, like his brother, clever and well read up on all subjects. They had then three children, two boys and a girl. Their little boy, Freddie, had died after a week's illness. He was between three and four years old, a lovely boy with long, fair curls. First taking croup and then other complications he died a peculiar death. The child seemed terrified to look down on his bed. What he saw no one knows. His mother had to keep telling him to, "Look up, darling," so as to take his attention off his surroundings. He would then look up and smile as if he saw pleasant things. On being asked what he saw he said, "Pretty man, Mamma." On hearing his mother's voice he would forget and look down again and start to scream as before. His mother had therefore to continually keep his mind and thoughts on what he saw above. At one time the little fellow raised both arms crying, "Me want to go to pretty man." He did not live long after that.

Arriving at C. Rochfort's that first evening on my return to Southampton and being ushered into the parlour, there was another old lady seated by the fire with a pet dog on her lap, and I was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Ball. We talked till tea time and then took our seats to partake of the appetizing meal set before us. Then Miss Ball's brother also walked into the room and sat down just opposite me. He was a short, thickset man, all smiles. Through some mistake we were not introduced. At this omission we glanced at each other and faintly smiled, both feeling rather awkward about it. They went away soon after tea and then I learnt who these new people were. They lived on the Romsey road in a pretty little cottage and were comfortably off. Had all they needed in every way, keeping a smart pony and dog cart, and did quite a lot of driving around for their own amusement.

MR. BALL APPEARS ON THE SCENE AND MY ENGAGEMENT FOLLOWS

Then the said smart pony was seen to drive into the Rochfort's yard almost daily, and he would take us for miles around. Each time a new choice was made and I got to know all the country about that district. Mrs. Rochfort would often come also.

As this is no love story and to cut a long story short Mr. Ball and I were married on New Year's Day, 1884.

There was no honeymoon as my husband did not like to leave his sister alone with just the servant girl for so long. So it was put off for some indefinite period. Not liking to assert my rights in any way with regard to Miss Ball, I realized when too late that I am simply nowhere and nobody in the house. There was absolutely nothing to do from day to day but kill time somehow. The hours were as long as days and the days as long as years, simply from want of occupation which was denied me in every shape and form. We started wrong from the very beginning, and it was impossible to change our mode of living while Miss Ball took the lead.

BIRDIE'S BIRTH

Talking to my husband one day about pros and cons in our daily then unsatisfactory life I said to him, "There is one thing, Harry, I would like you to understand and that is, whatever else I have given up I do not intend to give up my baby. I shall manage her myself."

"Of course, not" he said, "Nobody wants you to do otherwise."

"But your sister will try to all the same."

"Oh! no. You must not think that. She may want to dress it some times and perhaps you may be glad to let her do so for a change."

"No! I shall not. Give her an inch and she will take an ell. I will do everything for my own baby myself." I said this, never for one moment dreaming the destiny ahead of me and that a still greater sacrifice was to be demanded and Miss Ball was again the recipient of my most precious gift.

On February 11, 1885, I awoke from a half conscious faint and heard the sweetest, most thrilling sound that ever comes to a woman's ears—a sound that sums up into its joys all the ecstasy that a human soul can know—a sound which no woman in the world has ever heard but once—the first cry of her first-born. Forgetting the anguish of hours, only conscious of the existence of a small, sweet life belonging exclusively to ourselves the relief is so great and happiness so prevalent, my eyes closed.

The ticking of the clock on the mantel piece gets fainter and fainter, dropping into a light doze and from slumber in the favouring warmth and quiet that reigned in the room into deep and dreamless sleep, to rouse again and find my baby girl nestling by my side.

No more wearisome hours after baby came. She was the centre of attraction. Miss Ball and her brother would sit and compare notes as to who the little one resembled and what she should be called, etc. No more loneliness after Birdie came. She was always there to pick up and comfort. She came to cheer a lonesome and weary heart. The nurse gone, Miss Ball naturally took upon herself the washing and dressing of baby. With a pang of anxiety and jealousy I watched her do so, not knowing what coming events would bring forth. Remembering what had been previously said my husband also became uneasy on seeing his sister performing this duty day after day and he was not satisfied until the change was made.

So far good for me, but my sister-in-law then became dissatisfied more and more so as time went on. My husband's great inclination was, if things so turned out that we had to separate from his sister and live elsewhere, we would go over to Canada—a land of wealth and freedom as he thought. Under the present circumstances this arrangement was also pleasing to me. Anything for a break in our way of living! The Antipodes, Honolulu, Yukon, Kamskutchka, or any other outlandish place—no matter where as long as it meant peace and home and away. However, to get this, my sister-in-law again came to the front.

Walking the floor one morning with Birdie in my arms my husband addressed me in this manner, pointing to the child, "If we go to Canada you will have to leave her behind."

"Oh!" I replied simply. The remark had, in a way, paralyzed my tongue. No words would come. My face and whole body flushed up to bursting point. By the time that I was composed enough to speak my mind the room was clear and I stood alone to battle with my feelings as best I could. What next would I be called upon to do? Nothing more was said on the subject that day and my husband considered he had settled this difficult question very easily. Referring to it next day, he explained himself in this way:

"We cannot go away and leave Bessie here all alone without something of interest to occupy her mind. She has promised me faithfully that, if we leave the baby behind, she will follow us out in two or three years' time. Then the child will be older and better able to stand the long journey. You are not strong enough either to undertake the care of such a young child and she is doing so well now. You will have all you can do to look after yourself. We shall be nicely settled in Canada by the time that Bessie comes out. With my income and with what we are able to make out there we shall be quite comfortable. We need not stay in Canada longer than we want to, but return to England again if we feel inclined."

All this seemed to me very reasonable and things seemed already talked over and arranged without my being consulted, so it appeared to me useless to protest or make any bother. If it meant quarrels "Peace at any price," was my cry, even at such a tremendous sacrifice. To this day I can see my sweet baby in her little pink dress watching us from the front door held by the servant-girl. Her big blue eyes full of wonder at so much disturbance and shifting of boxes, she was trying to puzzle her little brain to find out what was going to happen. She was just seven months old and a beautiful, healthy child.

That was the last we have ever seen of her. Miss Ball's promise about bringing our baby out was only made to be broken.

Mr. Ball had another sister under his care but not living with them. She had been in various people's care, only occasionally coming home for a few days at a time, but her affairs were managed entirely by her brother Henry. If anything went wrong at her boarding house this brother was always sent for and he had to go and settle matters. Now, here was a problem and a very difficult one too. What is to be done with Clara if we go to Canada. She was hard to manage, mischievous and wilful, besides being weak-minded and badly deformed.

The doctors had proclaimed her "Not insane," but bad temper and disposition, so it was impossible to put her under any control whatever. So here she was, being shifted out from place to place as people became tired of the care and trouble.

WE EMBARK FOR CANADA

"If I leave England for Canada," my husband said, "there will be no one here to look after Clara. Bessie will not have her at any price so it seems to be up to us to take her out with us and board her out somewhere near, as she has been doing. I shall then be at hand to see that she is properly treated in case things do not go exactly right. She is bound to be a care wherever she is but it is a duty that has to be carried out by one or the other of us."

It was impossible to make any objection to this, so Clara Ball took the trip across the ocean with us, highly delighted at the prospect of such an unexpected change. On leaving Liverpool we were hardly out to sea before she took sick and remained in her bunk until we were sailing up the St. Lawrence and near Quebec. By this time she was fairly tired of the journey and when we boarded the train for Montreal she refused to do anything that was right, and to say the least she was a perfect nuisance, insisting on doing everything different to other people. She made herself as conspicuous as possible, thus putting her brother and myself in an awkward position. When it was necessary to leave a train instead of leaving by the ordinary steps she would stand in a high spot and require the conductor to lift her down and such like things. We protested at this and took to driving her before us and making her take to the steps as the others were doing. This she resented and stubbornly lagged behind as much as possible, thus making our movements unreasonably slow.

"What a nuisance she is making of herself," I ventured to articulate.

"Yes," said my husband, "but you know this is part of the trial of having her. What she does and also what people say and think is indeed a true cross to bear."

"Cross, indeed," I think to myself. "My life seems but a string of crosses—strung around my neck and so tightly clasped it will take more than my poor supply of patience and endurance to unclasp and master. I feel already choked with oppression."

Dear Mother. How well she knew what she was talking about when she so often said on any trouble being ahead. "Don't

worry the children. They will have plenty of troubles of their own by-and-by." God only knows she was right.

This world is full to overflowing of trouble of one sort and another. Some know better than others how to contend with it and take it cheerfully, softening their hearts as the years go by, while others bear their burdens with hardened hearts and dried up tears, apparently subdued and calm but in reality kicking against the pricks. The soul upheaving, bursting with indignation and pent up feelings. After all which is the best? No answer available.

Stopping a few days in Toronto and again in Winnipeg to relieve the long and tedious journey, we arrive first of all in Wolsley, Saskatchewan, and after three weeks, return to Grenfell, sixteen miles east, where we settle in a small house for the winter while my husband drove around the country in order to choose a spot for our new farm and home. Land was at a discount and money almost unattainable.

A new relation settled down with us on our arrival. Mr. Ball's brother George who had been in Canada a good many years. It was on his account that we settled in Grenfell as George had spoken so well of the location and people settled around.

Clara Ball still remained, nothing further being said about boarding her elsewhere.

FREDDIE'S BIRTH ON APRIL 28TH

On April 28th the coming spring little Freddie was born. We had missed Birdie so much, both of us, especially when once we were quietly settled down in our new home. Our new baby was indeed a blessing of great importance and very welcome. He was not as big or strong as Birdie. He would at first hang his head a little to one side as if he had not the strength to hold it up, but he improved as time went on. His nurse was greatly attached to him, especially as he was the first baby that she nursed on arriving in Grenfell. When times were very hard indeed and there was no work and much less money, Nurse promised to keep Freddie in socks as long as she lived, which was not very long, unfortunately, as this poor woman, trying to do more than her strength would allow, caught a bad chill

and left us to join a better world. She was much missed as she used to come and work for us every month for three days washing, ironing and cleaning up generally. It was indeed a miss. On finishing her work for the day she would pick up Freddie from his high chair dance around with him saying, "They are all bad 'uns but Freddie," who would shriek with delight at being swung around in this strong woman's arms and look forward to her taking him.

Grenfell was a little prairie town with about twenty buildings, counting stables. There were then no trees planted but the people were of a much better class than is usually met in these little prairie villages. It was considered an English settlement. There were two general stores which did a tremendous business. In many cases the settlers banked their surplus dollars in these stores as there was no bank and the storekeepers made use of this money without paying any interest, therefore thriving considerably and giving as little for produce as possible and paying no cash whatever; as there was no western market in those days there was no price for anything. There were also no crops for about five years running and the country was down at a very low ebb for want of money. The storekeepers were the only money owners. Farms could be got very cheap, almost given away in some cases. Even then they were not easily disposed of as the country had for the time got a bad reputation. Some said, and rightly too, that what the country had once done it would do again. So we stayed on like many others waiting for better times and for a better reason, too. We had no means to get away. There was no money to waste in moving around.

We arrived then when matters were at their very worst and our money was gradually dwindling away and none coming in to take its place. To think of boarding Clara out was quite out of the question, moreover George was there to be kept too. He did not seem in any hurry to do anything for himself though quite able and strong.

One man came to our house and said, "Look here, Ball. Just give me the price of a ticket home and the farm is yours. The house is worth more than that. I am sick of this kind of thing and want to beat it before the winter sets in." But Mr. Ball did not take his offer for two reasons probably. He did

not wish to take advantage of a discouraged man's offer, also he did not want any more land as things were just at that time. He may have been right or he may have been wrong. I do not take it upon myself to say.

Well! What this country had done she *did* do again. She brought abundant crops times and again, sometimes more and sometimes less, but always something to be thankful for. She has her ups and downs like any other country, but it has been a home and a good home for millions out here seeking such. "Stay by the ship that carries you over," and none need ever want. Don't sing the song, "Work—work—beautiful work— but I loves to see other folks do it." All have to set to and turn the handle themselves in order to make headway or they will most certainly get badly left. This country cries out for willing workers and needs them. We are destined, not only to carry on in order to help ourselves but with a view to be able to be of some use to others. We cannot enjoy life alone—but absolutely *must* meet and join in with others or there will a terrible void and emptiness in our very existence.

By good subscriptions and the Woman's Auxiliary the church was well supplied. At first the services were held in the waiting room of the station house and were well attended. We used to hear a great deal about those days when the immigrants first arrived with their oxen and wagons, before the railway was completed. George Ball was amongst the number and took land south of the track as a speculation, hiring a man to do the work during the summer months and living in Grenfell during the winter. Fifteen dollars a month was a good wage in those days and a female help could be got for eight. God only knows how we got through those years.

When Freddie was nearly four years old another little boy was born, about twice the size, whom we named Alfred Nepean. He was such a big, fine, robust little chap—so full of life and energy and fat. Some called him "Jumbo." His hair was fair like the rest but differed in one way in that it was curly, so it was allowed to grow into beautiful long curls which made him very attractive.

Freddie was full of curiosity about how things were made and spoilt all the watches and clocks that he could reach without being found out. Then they were put out of his reach when it

was too late. They were digging potatoes one day and Freddie was standing by his father watching. He had been in deep thought for a few minutes when suddenly he said, "Dad. God is here."

"Yes," said his father, wondering what was coming next.

"He lives down a big hole, Dad, and keeps a lot of meat there and sometimes he comes out and makes little boys."

This was Freddie's own little idea of things planned out on the potato patch. His father said nothing in response, not quite knowing what to say but he was highly amused and told me all about it when he came in. The little story stayed in my memory for ever and a day.

We had a man working for us during the winter called Brian Longland. He had never got any further than a home-stead and pair of oxen to work his farm, also a few hens. Every now and again he would take a trip south to his place to water and feed these hens. He liked Freddie to call him "Uncle," which he was unable to pronounce better than to say "Goo," and when he saw Longland coming back on the trail he shouted to me, "Mamma, Goo tuming with Goos cow gee-gees." He knew that the oxen resembled cows, also that they worked like horses, so he called then cow gee-gees.

It is a pity not to be able to relate more of children's pretty, cute little sayings. We Mothers! It would be well worth while, but our lives are so wrapt up in every day duties which have to be performed somehow, our little ones do not get more than half the attention that they should. Little things are forgotten that one would now like to remember—sayings, actions, thoughts, ideas, fancies and dreams—so cute and sweet at the time—now forgotten and buried with the past—too far gone to recall. It saddens many mothers' hearts to find when too late that such is the case, but they are not to blame but the overburdened taxation of their lives. What can one expect? Can it be otherwise?

The nervous strain on many women is so great when there is a chance to rest body and brain they are not able to do so. The precious dark hours of the night, which are given to both human and animal nature in order to rest, pass away in restlessness, sleepless unreprieve. The work to start again as soon as daylight breaks the charm of the peaceful night. In this I speak

not of my own experience but of thousands of others like myself who have had hardly space and time to breathe evenly, much less read enough to improve the mind.

Whatever hours may have been previously wasted in the days of youth those hours have been doubly made up and paid for with interest in Canada. If Canada is exacting in labour she is also ready and willing to repay a willing worker. Her soil is rich and harvest plentiful if the right work is put on it, but she is tenacious and requires the best of cultivation without which she pays no toll. Farmers of old are now reaping what they have sowed. It has been a hard and lengthy struggle, sometimes with hopeless failures but perseverance won the day. There are not many but are thankful today that they kept to the helm for now the harbour is reached and our ship safely at anchor.

I am curtailing this story as time and space requires. Much has been said and left unsaid. There has been a wish to say so much and yet I have accomplished so little. It is my wish to leave a few words behind for those who care to remember.

In 1892, on December 10th, Olive Muriel was born. A very tiny wee baby weighing about six pounds. She was doubly welcome as she took Birdie's place. There is still no mention of Birdie being brought out to Canada. It is sad, indeed, for a child to be estranged from her parents and brothers and sisters, also a great mistake for all concerned. It must mean total ignorance of the youthful part of one's lives, which by itself is a great deal. Then there is the character and disposition of each member to be dealt with. One can tell little by correspondence. Photos are exchanged frequently. Money is scarce and hard to make which makes it impossible to return again to England. It is quite out of the question.

The children attend a school about two miles away and are getting a good education. They take their lunches with them and do not show up again till late in the afternoon. Little Olive is now old enough to go also, being a little over five years. She is still small, not over strong, but happy and contented like the rest. The boys take great care of her while she is away. Soon a piano must be got for her benefit if not my own. This will be a problem, but one which must be solved.

FREDDIE BREAKS HIS LEG

Freddie is one day brought home from school with a broken leg through tussling with a stronger boy than himself and getting their legs twisted together. This caused a great deal of pain and a backset of a fortnight or more.

The first school built was burnt down through carelessness and another was built in a better locality where church services were held. Our farm, the district, also the school, were all named Brownhill. We, being the first settlers in this district named the place after our old home in England on the Romsey road. We moved out here from Grenfell when Freddie was about six months old and it is estimated to be four miles south of the track. There were then no given roads. People chose the best spots to travel, those most free from mud holes. There were no fences to prevent crossing where one pleased. Now, there are good government roads that are usually well kept with culverts to drain off the superfluous water and wire fences on each side. Every farm is occupied by thrifty men who are thriving more or less.

The little town of Grenfell is one of the prettiest on the Canadian Pacific Railway Line. Trees have now been planted each side of the principal streets. There are good gravel roads and cement sidewalks. It boasts of six churches, some of which are fine buildings. Houses of first class architecture. A large skating rink, agricultural grounds and stand, two hotels and large armoury for the training of soldiers. The settlers take much pride in their homes and endeavour to make them as pleasant to view as possible.

In order to teach the boys to swim we got them airtight canvas wings which kept their heads above water and enabled them to do the right stroke without sinking. They learnt on a slough in front of the house which at times is deep enough in the middle for a good sized man to swim across. They could also ride, skate, dance and play any sort of outdoor games and were by no means behind in their schooling.

At the age of fourteen Fred started to do a man's work on the farm where he was badly needed.

Having his choice, Alfred chose "education at any price." On leaving the Brownhill School, he was sent to Queen's

College, Kingston, for four years where he graduated in civil engineering, taking his Diploma both in Land Surveying and Engineering.

Fred had the ability to do just as well, but necessity kept him to the farm. Beyond his knowledge of agriculture and all it entails, his further abilities to accomplish greater things have had to lay dormant. Both boys have worked hard and faithfully, climbing up the ladder of success, overcoming all obstacles which stand in the way. They have passed the boyhood stage and are now finely built, manly fellows—ever ready to face the emergency whatever it may be. As little ones, they had their faults like other boys. Once they were found having a fight. One had an axe and the other one a hoe with which they were threatening one another. These seemed rather dangerous weapons, but what is a boy without a bit of the devil in him? They usually make the finest of men.

It is the same with girls with the right treatment in their homes, the wildest girls make the best of women.

Olive has also left off going to school as she is so much needed at home. We have now a cottage piano on which she is able to show her musical talent. Nothing pleases her so much as to rattle away piece after piece at the piano whether in daylight or dark. She loves music, whether string or instrumental. It was no difficulty to teach her either. It was born in her and she showed it at a very early age.

NOTES TAKEN AT A WOMAN'S AUXILIARY CONVENTION. THE TRAINING OF SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN

In teaching children it must be understood that they are not little men or little women, but children. They must be given the right food for their years—not shoved on—but something they can digest. Get a child's intellect, emotions and will and you have the whole child. Older ones do not vary as much as younger ones. Four things we note, especially activity, curiosity, imagination and imitation. Their questions should always be answered correctly. They go in for hero worship very much, not knowing in what form. It may be policemen, teachers, burglars or others so we must direct them in their adoration

and guide them to worship the right thing as it is essential for them to have heroes. Keep them busy. However good may be the teaching, there may still be a bad atmosphere which undoes all else—like dirt and dust.

One little girl of four years, after attending the Sunday School, notices for the first time that her mother gets into bed without saying her prayers.

"Mother. Kneel down like me. Teacher says you must—and then God will take care of us tonight."

Thus this little child influenced her home. Religion must be real to teach others. Parents are responsible for their children's future. What mother and father does tells much more than what teacher says. Expressions and impressions must have one to make the other. If our emotions are stirred we ought to be able to give vent to them.

A little one of two and a half years happened to see two ladies walking towards their house and, recognizing them as teachers, she rushed into the house to tell her mother and expressed herself in this way:

"Mummie. Girls tumming."

"What girls, dearie?"

"Dey do ike dis." She then knelt down at a chair and covered her face with her little hands. By that the mother knew who it was that was coming.

One boy on being told about God's making of this world exclaimed, "Teacher! What a lovely time God must have had."

Another child on being asked if she had ever broken any of the commandments replied thoughtfully, "No; not broken any, but I am afraid I have cracked a few."

GEORGE BALL'S DEATH

George Ball falls a victim to creeping paralysis and after five years of painless sickness he quietly passed away and was buried in the Gréfnell Cemetery.

By the side of him lies my sweet little baby girl, Henrietta, who remained with us a very short time—five anxious weeks—then she was taken away. She was too bright and forward to live and only stayed just long enough to brighten and sadden a mother's heart. Her death and the gap she left made the follow-

ing months hard to bear, but the unceasing run of work helped to drown my thoughts from wandering upon sad things. Work is a cure for many things—weary hours and thoughts, also diseases of some kinds. Therefore, it is a blessing in disguise, although one may not always recognize it as such when it is heavy and uninteresting. I would not wish my baby back again now as I know that she is better and happier where there are no hardships or troubles of which this world is full to the brim.

One more angel added to the number, she lies at peace in her little grave by her Uncle George. God bless her!

W. H. B. AT BREAKFAST

The table bears its burden of good things. My husband's attention is divided between his newspaper and feeding the cat, which is a sleek, splendid creature. He carries an erect tail of yellow and white stripes and the same across his round body. He rolls luxuriously on the clean oilcloth. He approaches his master in a series of coquettish curves. He smells with dainty hesitation at the choice morsel of food offered him. The musical monotony of his purring falls soothingly on his master's ear who looks down on him approvingly, saying, "It is just cupboard love, Pussy. You know it is—You are a spoilt cat and don't want anything—but just to be fussed over and petted." Pussy's master then picks him up, strokes him and says, "Oh! Puss I wish I could be as callous and free of care as you are! How happy I would be." Puss licks his paws and continues to purr with an air of indifference and so it goes on.

ALFRED IS INITIATED AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON

Alfred writes and says: "We had our Rush on the 11th. The day before the Medicals had theirs and it was quite a fight. There were three niggers in that bunch and they got it pretty hard. One fainted right away but they tied him up just the same, then they painted their faces and took them all round town in drays. Ours came on the forenoon of the following day about half past eight. Someone shoved his head into the lecture room and said "14 Rush." The professor told us to

leave our coats, waistcoats, caps, collars and ties in the room, which we did and then all rushed out. Part of class were taking a gym class and were already out. We all met but could see no sign of the enemy. Then they all came piling out of the mechanical building. We met and fought but at the end of three quarters of an hour they had us all tied up. Then our faces were painted red and yellow with an F of stove pipe varnish on the forehead. We were hideous sights. Then they put us on three drays and took us right up to Main Street and let us go, making us walk home. The varnish washed off all right, but that F was on to stay. I sat down and rubbed mine for a solid hour before it would come off then not till all the skin came off with it and a large scab grew in its place. My clothes were all plastered with mud and my hair rubbed in flour. Thank goodness that is all over for me.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PARADE

Kingston, Nov. 13th, 1910.

Our long expected and much talked of parade came off last night. The whole college turns out and dresses up in most peculiar costumes rather like a carnival and march around the streets. Together over \$300 must have been spent in fireworks which they sent off as they paraded. Our year was dressed in nightshirts and pyjamas, other years in anything they could get that was funny, but the first year Meds dressed like those old Magicians. The other Science years had what they called Floats which were scenes representing different branches. One was a mine where they blasted rock with fire crackers and hauled it up in a bucket run by a small gasoline engine and upset the stones automatically in the street. Another was a large display of electric lights and the electricity was generated by a gasoline engine. These were on drays in the procession. The Meds had an operating scene on a dray and a man chopping off another man's leg. The Arts had two bands with men dressed as women waltzing along the muddy streets after the band. Everyone had a mask on so as not to be recognized. The procession was over half a mile long and shooting off fireworks all the time. You can imagine getting half a mile of fireworks that it was a beautiful sight. The streets were lined with people. The whole city must have been out by the number.

Then we came around by Principal Gordon's house and he gave us a speech. After that we rushed the theatres. It is the custom for the students not to pay on that night, but still the proprietors try and keep them out if they can. We rushed three but two tried to keep us back. All our year came down the street locking arms and clearing the sidewalks. There were about a hundred of us or more and we made a run for the first theatre. They tried to keep us from entering and as there was only one small door they managed to for a time, but we pushed them back and it happened that the rush of those behind kept us going right up to the front till we got to that little pit where the orchestra sit and we had to get in the pit in order to get out of the rush. So we sat on their chairs and watched the show. When we got tired the leader gave the signal and out we went to the next. That one had the sense to let us in quietly, but the third one tried to frighten us off with clubs. However, we couldn't stop then if we had wanted to, so we sent them flying. Of course they daren't touch any of us. While we were in there with an awful bunch of college boys a girl was singing a song and she pointed to a young student half way down the aisle and he was landed along over the heads of the crowd and made to stand on the stage. There was an exit near the stage and I was carried up to this by the crowd, but managed to brace myself just at the door by putting one foot on a step and another on the railing where the orchestra sat. I was only four feet from the corner of the stage and saw everything well.

Then we tried to get into a restaurant but they locked us out. We ran to another and just managed to get in. The boss asked us to be quiet and not break anything so we behaved fairly well while there. We got home about one, on Sunday morning and the next morning I was too tired to get up to breakfast. It was amusing to see how the people cleared the sidewalks when they saw us coming. They had good cause to run, no doubt, with so many rough fellows around.

A. N. BALL.

THE CANADIAN WINTER

The Canadian winter is no myth. It has to be prepared for as a distinguished guest of important standing, liable to pay a lengthy visit. It comes in the purest of white attire. First of

all we resent it, then learn to love it. It is tenacious and makes its presence felt at all times. It playfully nips the tips of the nose, bites the ears and pinches any part of the body that it can get at. For instance, if a person is careless enough to grab hold of a piece of iron or any such mineral with a bare hand, Mr. Frost will cling to that hand and refuse to let it go without a penalty. The brightest, clearest days are invariably the most treacherous, as people are often tempted to go long journeys when the sun is bright and before they can get back a bad blizzard will sometimes start up, filling the trails and blinding the drivers so much that they are unable to see the way and so get lost, even frozen to death before they are found. In some cases those who are lost are not very far away from their own homes, only the snow is so thick and blinding it is impossible to see where one is. There has been many sad deaths of that nature. The Canadian winters are therefore not to be trifled with—but treated with respect, care and the utmost precaution.

In some ways it has its charms. For instance, there is the skating and sleighing, both most delightful and invigorating. The sparkling frost on the trees at morn is in itself a most beautiful sight and the perfect designs on the window panes, caused by the frost give wonderful and fresh ideas to the born artist. Each snowflake as it falls has a pattern of its own and star shaped. The large sheets of deep snow which cover hundreds of miles across the continent, from coast to coast, for the time being, cover up all unsightly heaps of mud and dirt and more important still, kills the deadly germs which float about. The days are short and the evenings long, but at home the fires are cheerful and bright and many friends gather together and spend delightful and happy evenings, all bent on making the best of every moment and hour—always hopeful, always bright.

SPRING

When the Spring really comes, the air echoes it all around. The winter gradually dwindles away with its snow, frosts and bitter winds. All life, whether human, animal, volatile, or otherwise, rejoices at the going of winter and the coming of the warm breath of Spring. The birds cluster in the trees and the air fairly rings with their harmonious songs. The horses, old and young, throw up their heads and prance around like kittens.

Even the cows forget their usual dignified walk and do the same, kicking up their heels, they clumsily wag their tails and try to dance to the hornpipe of their bellowing kind, then switch their tails, shake their heads and strike off at a gallop and are not seen again for the rest of the day. When they are fetched back they have had their dance and fling and return in their usual dignified manner.

The rooster in his joy and pomposity is so delighted at his freedom, he rings out a crow at any old time and any old place.

The prairie gopher comes out of his hole or winter quarters—thin and slick—all in a hurry, races from hole to hole to wake up the rest who are still sleeping. In his own way he says, "The summer is short and the winter long, gather in your supplies while the sun is high and the grass green." The insects fly around again as if they had been doing so all along.

The modest little anemone, or crocus in her dress of faintest hue opens out her buds at the first indication of Spring before the other more gaudy coloured flowers come to put her in the shade. If she did not put in an early appearance her presence on the hard soil of the prairie might almost be overlooked. This little velvety flower is welcomed as the forerunner of better and warmer times.

The lizards in the sloughs nearly burst their lungs in the desperate effort they make to deaden all other sounds both day and night. The ducks from the South start making their nests around the sloughs and quack and squabble together like Billingsgate fishwomen.

CANADIAN SUNSETS

The sunsets in this country during all seasons are the most beautiful in the world. No painter could do them real justice. The natural colours are exquisite. Then the Northern Lights are at times something wonderful. They float about like thin, restless clouds which spread so far then dissolve or break up and disappear. What causes these lights is not yet quite understood. Different reasons are given for their appearance and cause and so scientists differ in their opinions. Mirages are also very frequently perceptible in Canada and are wonderfully clear and distinct and can easily be seen in some places and not at all in others.

A SNOW STORM IN THE WEST

We were on the way home when the snow began to fall. It fell at first in big flakes like dead butterflies, for as yet there was no wind. The clouds were scurrying across the sky and the noise overhead deafening. We remembered what an old timer had said, "That of all the miseries of life the worst was to be caught in a snow storm on the desolate North West Prairie." We must push on in any case or freeze. The keen sense of cold and desolation was appalling. The wind and snow came down and hurled itself in our faces unmercifully. The snowflakes pelted us like splinters of flint. It seemed as if every flake would cut through the skin. Then the cold became more and more intense, ice gathered around the eyelids, which made it hard to see. We had to keep brushing it away with our mitts. So dense and blinding were the snowflakes we were almost hidden from each other. There was no shelter, tree or bush on either side. There was nothing above or below but the wild wilderness and thickening storm.

We spoke but little as our lips were half frozen and stiff with the cold. Besides that we were really too miserable to care to utter any unnecessary remark, but gathered our garments and rugs closely around us to get all the warmth possible from them and sat anxiously watching and waiting, trusting to our competent driver and beasts of burden. The horses plodded along, their hard breathing causing long icicles to form around their mouths and nostrils. They would endeavour at times to turn their heads and backs to the wind for their own protection and if the driver was not very careful and watchful he would soon find that he was returning to the spot from whence he had started or lost the trail altogether. Animals will not face a storm unless they are forced to. They also often appear instinctively conscious when a storm is brewing and when roaming at large will invariably return home of their own free will for shelter. Instinct tells them when and where to seek for a sheltered spot when there is any to be got.

Thankful we were at last to see the welcome lights of our home and to be once more safely under cover enjoying the warmth of a cheery and bright fire, thawing out our stiff and numb limbs. Never can such luxuries be more appreciated than

when one has been out for long in the piercing cold. Then it is that one can heartily join in the sweet old song, "Home, sweet home," when the wind is raging outside on a Canadian winter's night and we are all safely gathered in.

While writing this it is necessary to stop in order to give a short account of the terrible war that is now raging between the Allies and Germany, including Austria-Hungary and Turkey.

THE GREAT WORLD WAR

The Germans entered Belgium, in August, 1914. During the summer of 1915 Alfred trained for overseas in Valcartier and was ready to leave with his battalion early the following winter when he unfortunately slipped on some ice and broke his arm. When nearly healed he broke it again in the same place thus making a much longer job of the healing. He got sick leave for a few weeks and came home. He then enlisted in the 68th Battalion of Regina and left for overseas April 1st, 1916. He stood on the platform and waved to us on passing the Grenfell station. The train whizzed by at a great speed, much to our sorrow as many of us had parting gifts to give to the boys before leaving, but it was not to be.

The journey across the ocean was an anxious one. Alfred's admiration of dear old England, with her green fields, frolicking lambs, blooming flowers, and rippling streams was good to read.

"LETTER FROM LIVERPOOL ON MAY 6th, 1918

"We arrived today after a pleasant voyage. On steaming in here a number of excursion boats, just crammed with people, started circling round and round us cheering all the time. We are now anchored well out in the river away from the dock until tomorrow morning when we shall disembark.

"We spent a pretty anxious time for a few hours before nearing land but were so well looked after by other craft that we got through all right. It hardly seems possible that we are really here and soon to land. Our little route marches on deck were quite unique. The men rolling from side to side with the waves made it rather hard to manage."

A. N. BALL

LETTER ON JULY 23, 1914

"Nothing now remains of the 68th Battalion. It has been absorbed by the 32nd and others. Yesterday we went to Canterbury and deposited our colours in the Cathedral with great ceremony. No doubt it is an honour to be one of the standard bearers but I must say I felt somewhat sad about it. In fact we buried the old 68th colours in Canterbury Cathedral. After the ceremony ten of us were invited to the Deanery for tea which was a very pleasant gathering, after which some of us again attended the afternoon service. A. N. BAILLIE."

AMERICAN ARMY RUSHED OVER

Our splendid men are fighting to the last limit of their already much tried strength after a series of battles with the enemy which has now been going on for nearly four years. Belgium is in the hands of the Germans and part of Russia—a country which ended in Civil War and treachery. At the present time Russia is at a standstill on account of the internal disturbances—a country divided against itself.

At the present time the War zone is in the West of France where the Germans are massed in huge numbers, hoping to get to the Coast and there to attack the British Empire. They made a rapid advance during the first onslaughts in March, 1918, having six men to every one of our British and such heavy and numerous big guns nothing could stand against them, they were thus allowed to spend themselves and their terrific force, our British line keeping firmly intact all the time in perfect order.

All this time the American Army was being rushed over as quickly as possible and a new French reserve, also Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians and others allied to our army.

Our men have now made a stand and the Germans are checked, making no further advance. They were dangerously nearing the North Coast, even within twenty-five miles. Britain was on the verge of a great crisis. Her great trust in her gallant and brave men aided by the "Supreme Power" was such that, although the outlook in March was so black and threatening, she took the brightest view of things and saw a silver lining to every cloud. Men who had not entered a church for years or sent up a real prayer to the Almighty since their infancy, have

now been brought to their senses once more and to their knees. Never have men been brought so close to Eternity and their thinking powers as they are today. Like the sweet geranium, Religion sweetens at the touch. It is also a sensitive plant and requires tender and careful handling to get good results. The daily whirl of business and pleasure swallows up all time and inclination for higher things. Years pass by and so quickly, too, we cannot get in half of what we want to do. We have to live! and, Yes! we have to die, too. That seemed such a secondary consideration and when, well, so far away. But we little know how near it may be. But this war has brought us face to face, with the fact, how short our term of life in this world is and how eternal and everlasting the next world to come.

The coming of fresh reinforcements to our men has brought new life to the valiant bull dog, tired men who had been struggling against such great odds since April 5th. Words come from the Front "So far we stand like a rock. On the roads between Calais and Boulogne, the Germans, instead of gaining another ten miles, have not gained another ten yards. Until a few days ago the British Army has for nearly a month borne three-fourths of the fighting against the enemy. We have a long army of reserves which will wear the enemy out. United we stand now and to the end. Truth, Freedom and Protection our aim. The conditions are changed, not momentarily, but definitely for the better."

GERMANY'S AIM

Germany's great war aim is to dominate the world. She is now at bay with that intention. To win this war the world must be subdued, knocked under somehow, whether by brutal force, fear, starvation, drowning, aircraft, bombardment, suffocation by gas or other means, disease, imprisonment, gunfire or whatnot, the nations opposed to her must be weakened and quashed sufficiently for Germany to step in and rule. It had got to be done and now the time and season was ripe to strike. Germany was cramped and overpopulated. She must extend her power and possessions at any cost and was quite strong enough to do so.

The other nations were all asleep and unprepared for war. Within a very few months Germany would be "Monarch of all

she surveyed." "Her right there will be none to dispute" (Shakespeare). The world was to be ruled by an original German culture—a higher master morale. (We shall see about that!)

From 1890 every German was deliberately taught and trained to believe in the Germans as the predestined overlords of the earth or universe. It sounds mad, but no one challenged it or took the least notice of it—simply awaited development.

SENTIMENTS

I begin to see how near good is to evil. How near faith is to unfaith and how difficult it is to judge from actions only—which are often so deceptive and unreal.

How little we can know today what we are likely to feel tomorrow. Today we may feel right and pray right. Life is so much worth living for at the present hour. We wonder how it could have been ever otherwise. There is a happy song of praise and thanksgiving on the lips for all one has and sees. We have all experienced the same thing. Life seems fitting away too quickly. We cannot get in half of what we want to in the short time there is left for our sojourn on Old Mother Earth.

One has a feeling or wish to get to and do something quickly before it is too late, but what to do is anything but clear.

And so the day ends in doing nothing. Then there is tomorrow; by which I am reminded of the first sweet little song sung in the days of girlhood:

"What will tomorrow bring? Who can tell?
Will it bring delight to me? Who can tell?
Will the world seem bright and gay?
Or will sweet hope pass away?
Who can tell? Who can tell?"

Tomorrow there will be places empty and places filled. Can it be foretold in what way Fate will do her work!

Alfred's impatience to get away to the war zone is experienced by all those who go. He did not have to wait very long before he was one of those chosen to cross the English Channel for France. Fred was exempted from war service on the ground that he was a farmer and doing his bit at home helping to provide provender for those abroad where so much was needed.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY
LIEUT. A. N. BALL

Shorncliffe, July 9th, 1916.

Being warned for overseas service, I was allowed two days' leave in London, in which to get my equipment and take a little holiday, and have been waiting for my second warning since that. On receiving that we proceed at once to our new units. I have been detailed for the 3rd Canadian Pioneers, but I am going to try and get a transfer to the 1st C. Pioneers, as I know four of the officers and a number of other men. All those of any engineering training are sent to the Pioneers. Much as one may protest, it makes no difference here. You go where you are sent and make the best of it. The remarkable thing about this country is that it is always green. The grass never seems to get brown like out in Canada.

Somewhere in France, July 23rd.

Coming up here we saw a large number of German prisoners. In fact they were hooked on the rear of our train for about eight hours. They seemed very healthy, clean looking fellows, and not the least bit downhearted as you see sometimes in the paper. In fact they struck me as being too self-satisfied and almost impertinent in their expressions. But, of course, they were held down like a bolt in a vice, but could laugh and talk amongst themselves as much as they pleased.

August 12th, 1916.

The organization here is truly wonderful. Everything works like clockwork, and if there is a mistake on your part it upsets the whole thing as far as your little bit is concerned. I have been out on working parties both in the daytime and at night within a fair distance of the Germans but not in the front line trenches.

August 17th, 1916.

Am now in the 1st Pioneers. We do not stay in the trenches for days at a time; but just go up at night and back again before it is light so we therefore have opportunities to keep ourselves clean and avoid the unclean side of trench life.

We are billeted among the French people and it surely is a relief after the Belgians, who are as poor a class of people as one would ever care to run across, while the French are just fine and as honest as the day is long. Harvest is in full swing and it is quite strange to see them working with the hook, rolling the grain up into bundles as they cut it.

It is astonishing how much more interested you feel when you are definitely posted to a battalion and have some definite work to do. Your interest in things springs up to normal at once.

August 24th, 1916.

This is an extraordinary part of the country we are now in as well as being extremely prosperous. I think we are seeing that part of France that the tourists never see. The people are simple, quiet folks, living lives of purity. Nothing like the cities in the least. My impression or experience of the cities of France rather leads one to have a poor idea but I think that this is the real France which bears up so wonderfully and cheerfully under this terrible strain. It is here, too, that one notices the changes that this war has brought. Every family having all its available men folks away. When I say available I mean all those of military age and physically fit. There are numerous canals all around of varying sizes and our men have a good old swim every day. It is simply grand and the canal running past our billet must be quite ten feet deep so it makes it good swimming.

August 31st, 1916.

We are leaving here and moving back to the line again. I have seen a lot of France since coming over and, believe me, it is a lovely country. They have large fields quite like the Canadian prairie except that all the roads are lined with trees.

I am telling all that is permissible as far as the war news is concerned. Today I saw 39 observation balloons from one point, nearly all British. The French have their crops right up to the shelled zone, and also the Belgians. You may notice that I do not refer often about the latter, and so may draw your conclusions.

We are bivouacing tonight. My first experience as a bivouac. Just going, so good-night.

A. N. B.

September 6th, 1916.

The artillery about here is very persistent and keeps up a steady roar, but ours has by far the greatest force. Fritz does not seem to have nearly the same amount of large or heavy artillery, by the shells that come over. We take this as evidence that he is contemplating shortening his line—getting his heavy stuff away in order to fall back. Of course, this is only an idea, but it sounds feasible since Rumania coming in gives 800 miles more front to watch or thereabouts. We are living in dugouts now. The officers have them high enough to stand up in, with galvanized iron as a roof, but the men have to crawl in, with the same kind of roof.

I took, or rather led the way for the company out to work in pitch darkness this morning over a road filled with mudholes, shell holes and old mine craters and, believe me, it was no easy job keeping directions. However, we got there eventually. Incidentally I saw a light and went to ask where I was. Two privates were there and one took me down to the officers' quarters. They were in an old German dugout and I fully believe we went down thirty steps or rather feet I should say. In a dugout such as that Fritz is absolutely safe. In the present fighting while a bombardment is on Fritz goes down in these. Our boys rush over, take possession. As soon as Fritz hears the bombardment cease he fixes up his machine guns, rushes up the stairs and opens fire on our fellows knowing the battery cannot open up as our men are there. In that way they cut off some of our British and things get very serious. However, with the greatly increased number of Lewis machine guns, which are light and easily carried, this kind of thing is not so easily done as formerly.

I had a rather unpleasant time of it this morning. I had to hunt an engineering dump to get sand bags and on my way passed by the first aid station. It is the first time I had seen wounded men direct out of the trenches. Covered with mud from head to foot the agony on their faces made a very pitiable sight and not easily forgotten. Well, I must stop now and go and hunt a road to use to take a party out tomorrow.

A. N. BALL

MANNER IN WHICH GERMANS READILY
SURRENDERED IMPRESSED CANADIAN
OFFICER EVEN MORE THAN THE TANKS

Lieut. A. N. Ball writes to his father at Grenfell a most interesting description of the big advance made by the Canadian troops on September 15.

Lieutenant A. N. Ball, with a Pioneer battalion, writes a graphic description of the Canadian offensive on September 15, to his father, Wm. H. Ball, J.P., of Grenfell. On the occasion Lieutenant Ball saw the famous tanks in action, but what struck him as even more noteworthy was the manner in which the Germans threw down their arms and surrendered by the wholesale. Lieutenant Ball's letter is as follows:

"Dear Father,—I have been thinking that it would interest you to have an account of the part we took in the offensive of the 15th of September and my impression of the affair.

"We left camp at 2 a.m. on the 15th with four hundred men and nine officers, marched towards the line, and reported at brigade headquarters at 4 a.m., and were told by the general to get into a trench on an adjacent hill to await orders. At about 5 a.m. day began to break and except for an occasional shell everything was quiet, much more so than normal.

"At 6.30 a.m. our bombardment opened. The whole of our artillery opened simultaneously and made such a deafening roar that we could only speak to one another by shouting close to the ear. Puffs of smoke immediately appeared just over the German lines, which gradually increased to such an extent that we could see very little, and a cloud of white smoky stuff was rolling towards us, so we put on our gas helmets, but the smoke was from our guns principally and the gas was not perceptible where we were. All this time aeroplanes were extremely numerous, directing the fire of the artillery and sometimes swooping down on the enemy trenches and enflading them with machine gun fire.

"At 8 a.m. the bombardment practically ceased. We could not see the first wave of infantry go over, because of the smoke, but saw the second and third. Then we received orders to advance and were kept busy watching ourselves.

"Our orders were to dig communication trenches between our old line first trenches and the German first line trenches across what an hour before was 'No Man's land.' This was a distance approximately of 900 yards, and as we were in direct observation the Germans started shelling us heavily after we had been working about two hours, thus practically stopping the men from working since the only thing to do when a big shell comes close is to get down. We stayed about an hour hoping the concentration would cease, and then moved off.

"During this time we saw our now famous so-called 'tanks' working, but what struck me still more was the bunches of Germans coming over and giving themselves up. With practically no one around they would suddenly appear in batches of 25 to 50, throw up their arms and march in fours to be taken in charge. I saw one bunch of about 50 and one about 20 do this in our small frontage. When once they were prisoners, the bitter feeling seemed to relax entirely and the sound men would assist the wounded along, usually under quite heavy fire.

"We lost a number of men and a very large proportion of the N.C.O's. There have been four recommendations gone in for recognition for the N.C.O's.

"When we were in that time we stayed for twenty-two days, working every day or night. Towards the last our men were working on their nerves almost entirely. We then went out for a week's rest and are now in again, but I don't know for how long."

Sept. 20th, 1916.

It has been raining for three days in succession. The ground has been so pulverised by shell fire that it is very bad when wet. If you can imagine summerfallow worked up thoroughly to a depth of over two feet and this quantity of rain you have a fair idea of the mud here. The whole country has been turned over and over by shell fire to a depth ranging from two to three feet and it is nothing but big holes all over. The mud has its advantages though; as only about half of the shells explode when the earth is so soft. Only direct hits are the ones to be feared in very wet weather. We are living in dugouts made very similar to a roothouse and are safe except for a direct hit. We were in the drive of the 15th September digging

communication trenches in what had been the area between the Germans first and second line trenches. I found a splendid new Prussian Guard helmet, but had to drop it in order to look after our wounded.

We had a pretty hot time of it, but, thank goodness I managed to steer clear. It is rotten to have to dive into a mud hole every now and again but surprising how comfortable it feels when shells are flying in all directions.

I am satisfied that the Pioneers are every bit as good a bunch to be in as the Engineers, although they have not the name as yet. But they are gaining in popularity all the time with all branches of the service, which is very satisfactory. Please understand that in this Battalion we come back to camp to all our meals with very few exceptions and in this way we can run a very suitable little mess. We always get plenty to eat of a good wholesome food if not exactly a dainty one, which helps a lot.

September 28th, 1916.

We are just out for a rest now and the men need it very much. We were in for a much longer time than usual. At the last, the men were working pretty much on their stored up energy, which is not much. I have met several more old Kingston friends lately. They are all the same, quite considerably fed up with things in general. But that is to be expected considering that they have been out here for some time.

Our billet now is a rough frame, with oiled canvas spread over the top. I just stopped writing to see the bunch pass who were coming out of the trenches. A whole brigade, passed and a good many of them were our old officers. They were surely in a sorry plight. Carmichael from Weyburn, told me he had been five days without sleep and four days without water. That is what the Infantry get in an attack. We do not fare as badly as that, our hardships being in the length of time we are out at work, but we get good food and sleep.

October 1st, 1916.

This is a very funny game—whatever you are at you are fed up with it before it is over. We had twenty-one days up at the front on working parties every night when first we got up

here, and, believe me, we were all on edge at the last. Now we have been here a week with nothing to do and it is getting tiresome.

During this tour we have had three casualties amongst our officers but none of them fatal. We are at present billeted in an exceptionally dirty little village and, when I say dirty, I mean something considerable. When all the rest of the country is as dry as a bone this smelly little place is from two to three inches of mud everywhere. I saw the 5th come out of the trenches a few days ago. They had been in a certain pretty stiff attack and I am quite sure that not more than 150 marched by. Of course, you can take it that about seven-eighths of those would be "blights." It is a serious loss and very sad to see. In a way I am beginning to think that it is a blessing that the old 68th was broken up, because it would be very hard indeed to see the men and officers to whom you have become genuinely attached all broken up and lying around.

I had charge of a piece of work one night and was pushing along in a mist of darkness when someone met me and said, "How are you tonight?" and here it was Robinson! Rather a funny place to meet!

We work largely by companies—so, although I had been in the Battalion for six weeks, I had never come across him.

War here is like a steady stream of horses going to the water. Three times a day the men stream pass our billet. I do not exactly know how many at a time, but they must well be over the thousand. All are in splendid condition—fat and spirited.

September 14th, 1916.

I only wish it were permissible for me to tell you some of the things that are happening out here, but it is quite out of the question. Enough to say, that I am of the opinion that we have old Fritz guessing in every department, and really some extra departments.

A few days ago our company was working on a communication trench when we heard an airplane above. We looked up and it was a Fritz, but not done. Two of our battling planes were above it, quite a considerable distance and one just over and a little to his rear. They were driving Fritz to earth. Suddenly our nearest plane tilted up by jerks until it was pointing

direct at Fritz and let out a spurt of machine-gun fire. Fritz swerved one side, for all the world like one bird dodging another. Again this plane got above it and in the rear and the same thing happened. By this time Fritz was only about 200 yards in the air. Then the first plane to attack got a little behind and the one above swooped down like a hawk. When quite close there was a burr of machine guns, and the German plane burst into a mass of flames and shot to earth. Our planes then soared off in search of another prey. The German plane fell quite close to us. The man was shot in the head and back and frightfully charred. We saw four more planes brought down in one day, but none so close as this one.

This morning I was up the line when some machine-gun batteries came along to build emplacements. They started carrying their corrugated iron across a field, quite oblivious of the fact that Fritz had four balloons up and could see everything and knew exactly what was happening. About five minutes after they were nicely strung out along came six big coalboxes and a bunch of shrapnel. Imagine the result! This was a new bunch or they would certainly have been more cautious. However, those remaining have learnt their lesson most thoroughly.

November 24th, 1916.

Another subaltern and I are living in a nice little dugout about seven feet high. There is just room enough for two. We have two bunks, a table and two little benches, and last, but not least, a nice little stove in the corner. At night it is fine to be able to hang up your socks behind the pipe and find them perfectly dry in the morning. Our batmen have a dugout just the same size in which they sleep and cook. Mornings they come in and light our fire and close the window. About ten minutes later they come in with our boots, nicely cleaned, dried and greased, and take our clothes out to be brushed. Then they come in with cloths and hot shaving water. Then we get up in a nice warm place with everything ready. It will be quite a comedown when we get back again to civil life to have to all this for ourselves. Then just as we have nicely finished our morning ablutions in comes a nice little breakfast of porridge, bacon and eggs, toast and jam. This is how we are living now, mother, with just enough work to do to make us feel quite ready for bed.

How long it will last like this it would be hard to say. My batman is a regular jewel, thinks of everything and rustles around for me all the time trying to make me comfortable.

Just on the other side of the trench is a little dugout in which there are three signallers and a lineman. They have a telephone connected with headquarters so anything I want or any orders for me can easily be arranged by telephone. It is a splendid arrangement and everything runs as smoothly as can be. It so happens that I am senior and run everything. We have about 80 men here on five different jobs, so there is plenty to do and not very easy jobs either.

Events point to a fairly long stay here. Last night I was out late after dinner, and when I came back the batman had cocoa and cake ready for me. Things are very rosy just now, but it is getting late so I must step into my little bunk.

January 17th, 1917.

We are at a very good job now and pretty bombproof, as the saying goes. In fact we are building light railways and doing the whole thing, locating, constructing the line and maintaining. I have charge of the location, transit and level party, somewhat like an assistant engineer on the Grand Trunk Pacific, but not the free hand, as all the seniors have a say in the matter. It is splendid experience for me and am learning fresh things daily. My line is about twelve miles long and will be a wonderful help in the future.

Everything is very quiet now and there is no danger. Of course, no one expects that to last nor wishes it to, either, as there is only one way to win and that is to win quickly.

It is very hard to get fuel, the only way being to rustle it. The town is pretty well cleaned out, too, and it is cold for us all. The Major is an old Sergeant-Major of the South African campaign and when we came here he was not very pleased and was rather insulting to the Canadians at first. Amongst other things he said, "If you Canadians ask for a thing the only way is to give it to you or you will steal it anyway."

There may be some truth in that assertion, but we are no worse than the others.

Jun. 10th, 1917.

I have been on leave and on my return for a few days I felt positively wretched. It did seem such a rotten life to return to, especially in winter. I am quite recovered now and feel fine and have also regained lost interest in my work. We are stationed in a small French town and building light railways, but the town is so full of troops, the billets are decidedly punk.

There is a nice place in town with a prettily furnished little room for officers and we go down there for tea nearly every afternoon after work. It is such a treat to get into a nice place with warm fire to sit by! The French are very good to us.

March 5th, 1917.

Things are quiet but a great deal of activity in the air. In fact, Fritz brought down one of our planes quite close to where we were working and again in the afternoon we brought down one of theirs. It is very exciting to watch but it must be a terrible experience to those in the planes. They sweep down at each other just like huge hawks, using their machine guns whenever possible. Then one will come suddenly, dropping down, tumbling over and over. Usually the men fall out before reaching the ground and have a painless death and they deserve all the honour they get.

We often have Generals come over to have a look at our work. Sir Douglas Haig, paid us a surprise visit yesterday and went over the line but, unfortunately, few were to meet him.

Sept. 9th, 1917.

We are living in dugouts level with the ground. This prevents the enemy aircraft seeing anything and so we do not get shelled. He hunts all over the place for batteries and sometimes drops some quite close. We are quite safe when not working which is somewhat of a blessing. We go out to work at any old hour out of the twenty-four, picking the time which experience points as being the quietest at that particular spot. No set hours are possible. Our work is the building of deep and substantial first aid trenches to bring out the wounded to, also laying a telephone cable deep down in the ground so that the wires will not be so liable to be cut in a bombardment thus cutting off communications. Here, we cannot get anything within twenty miles.

This is a country of frightful devastation—for five or six miles in depth and goodness knows how far in length. The whole country is nothing but shell holes and craters. Not a tree or building is standing and villages absolutely leveled to the ground, not one brick standing on another. We are camped just outside the devastated area. The ground we are working now is full of souvenirs and horrors. The souvenirs are so plentiful that they lose their value. Noses of shells lie around thick, parts of German equipment in quite good shape. You could pick up a dozen good rifles in a hundred yards. Of course, you can realize where we are and what has been happening along this line. Where we were before was pretty well cleaned up in that respect.

Yesterday on hearing that the Battalion, in which most of the old 68th Officers are, had just arrived, three of us went to see them. It was quite a reunion. There must have been fifteen of us there altogether and it was a great pleasure to meet them again.

On May 1st, 1917, Alfred was wounded on the arm by shrapnel while out with a survey party and he writes from Havre where he is being treated for it in the hospital.

May 14th, 1917.

I am now at the Canadian base at Havre. The country about is very beautiful—deep valleys—all heavily wooded with roads winding in and out and little villages nestled in amongst the trees. Such a change from the barren aspect of everything up the line.

I have met two of my old Kingston friends while here. One was a particular friend of the same year. I knew he was out here but have never met him before. You can imagine my surprise when he walked into our tent. The Tenth Battalion got badly knocked about two weeks ago. It seems they went "over the top" and lost about half of their officers. Some came back into a certain town and then all the officers in the battalion were killed in a big Chateau. A big 19.9 German shell came (naval gun) and got a direct hit, killing twelve officers but no men.

Just a piece of terrible bad luck

June 20th, 1917.

The roar of transport comes incessantly from the main road which is the only sign of war just about here. That roar keeps up day and night. London streets are quiet to main roads out here.

Belgium, July 14th, 1917.

As you see by the address we are on an entirely new front and a very interesting one, too, just now. But then: we are always on the interesting fronts as it is where we are most required, except on certain occasions. It was very nice and kind of so many to phone about me after that wound. It is nice to be remembered.

March 9th, 1917.

Have been inoculated again for the seventh time since the war began. Luckily it hardly effects me at all now, but some get quite sick. My wound was very slight. Only eight days in the hospital. I suppose the War Office would wire about it which would rather "put the wind up at home" I am afraid, as they give no details whatever. In fact I am ready to return to my unit right now and hope it will be very soon as it is "Home" to me now.

About a hundred officers have just come across from England. Most of them old hands or returning casualties. We shall need them all and I expect all battalions will be put pretty well up to strength right away. The poor old 10th got a pretty bad hammering. In two weeks they lost 40 officers, not all killed but out of action. I am rather worrying about my kit which may be lost. What I regret losing most is my socks. There are about ten pairs of splendid hand knit ones. Can't replace them anywhere.

May 27th.

Returned to the Battalion yesterday finding a big bunch of welcome mail. I had a splendid time at the hospital and better still at the base. France is a wonderful country when you can see it in the proper light. Of course, up here it is awful and I hate to think what Canada would be like with similar treatment. We have a splendid camp here. The best we have had yet. The boys have a football and baseball outfit and play after their work, which is a fine thing as it takes off their attention to what is going on outside.

June 10th.

There are a nice lot of flowers around here. The batman gets them from among the ruined villages. Parts of gardens undisturbed by shellfire are really lovely. These villages must have been truly beautiful a short time ago. What will happen to them now—whether they will ever be built up again it is hard to say. Hardly on the same site, I should think. I am looking forward to another leave soon. It is seven months since I had my last and a change would be very welcome, indeed.

This is a fine camp but I am afraid we shall have to leave it soon. We have a recreation room, canteen and bath house for the company and I think I can quite truthfully say the men have never been so satisfied since we have been over in France. The weather has been perfect for quite a month now. Such a blessing after the winter we went through which was truly brutal.

April 2nd, 1917.

Today a heavy snowstorm came on all of a sudden after a cold, high wind. It covered us in no time, then came in pretty wet. The men have very poor billets which are half flooded. Really they keep remarkably cheerful through it all, joking over their misfortunes and discomforts.

March 26th, 1917.

Today has been a very miserable one, with sleet, snow and rain all day, and you can bet I was thankful when it was all over and we could get into billets again. The Germans seem to have decided that they have retired far enough and are now making a stand. That will not be very difficult, as they are retiring on a prepared line, while we have to make arrangements for bringing our supplies and ammunition further than ever from the base as we advance. The congestion of the mail must have improved as the parcels and mail are coming better.

One morning I had quite a funny experience. I was looking over a piece of country pretty thoroughly in order to accommodate as many batteries as possible with ammunition with one railway line that we are going to run into that part. I noticed an officer on a hill watching me very closely. Then when I started pacing off and taking angles he came down and tackled me about it. He was the Colonel of that artillery brigade, and

thought I was a spy. However when I explained my duties and what I was doing he was as nice as possible. You see the artillery have to be awfully careful as, if the enemy got to know where their guns were it would be "Good Night."

The rats are eating our floor away. Can hear them chewing away like good fellows. They are awfully thick. Our Major was unfortunate enough to get hurt from a throw from his horse which took fright at a motor lorry. He fell on his face and shoulder—giving himself many nasty bruises.

It will, indeed, be a day of rejoicing when we get home, except in some cases when there is no home coming, and that will be very frequent, sad to say. It is the Infantry that bears the brunt. Poor fellows!

April 7th, 1917.

The present retirement of the Germans has been frightfully hard on horses. They have not had enough to eat and been worked to death. They lie dead by the roadside all over the place. Go as long as ever they possibly can and then just drop down, are unhitched and they soon die. War is a pretty hard old master! We are now officially the 9th Railway Battalion. Am feeling pretty well, but a bit fed up with the job.

April 30th, 1917.

We are living in tents on a little green patch which somehow escaped the shellfire. It is recently captured ground and you can bet we have been exploring the German dugouts pretty thoroughly. Some of them are simply full of German dead where our fellows have come along and tossed in a bomb or two. The dugouts are all of concrete, about two and a half feet thick and reinforced, so he evidently did not mean to give it up. I am speaking of the line he fell back upon, not of the original line which he abandoned on his own behalf more or less.

A day or so ago one of our planes came down right beside where we were bivouaced. It burst into flames directly it landed, but two of our men rushed over and got the aviator away from the machine before he was very badly burned. Both these men have been recommended for their promptness in this affair. I was there soon afterward and we tried to fix him up. I sent for a doctor and ambulance and some water. He was badly wounded in one leg, but was as gritty as could be. I did

admire his pluck. He was simply in a bath of perspiration from the pain. He will, no doubt, get all right again. He was a Canadian from Ottawa. It is to be hoped this year will see the end of the war. It gets so monotonous in spite of the excitement of the times. And the death toll! Really it makes one wonder what the world is coming to. Just doing their level best to kill as many of the other side as they can. It would seem impossible were it not so hideously true. It will be a Godsend to bring the price of food down a trifle. So it is to be hoped that Canada will have a good crop this year. The French seem to be doing big things just now—more so than we did. I do hope Fritz's reserves will soon be used up, otherwise it is hard to say what will happen. The rain and mud has hindered us a great deal.

In the beginning of March the Germans, with the help of Russian prisoners, pushed forward at an alarming rate, carrying everything before them. Things are looking very serious on the Western Front. Our gallant men can do nothing but hold their line intact against the terrific fire of the enemy, always retiring in order. We hope against hope that the Americans will mass their troops soon enough to check the onslaught against Paris and the Coast which means danger to the British Isles. All await anxiously the daily news which is somewhat gloomy and depressing.

A. N. BALL.

THE BRITISH ISLES ARE IN DANGER

Earnest prayers are being offered up by the people which God does not seem ready just yet to answer. But He surely will, nevertheless, at the right time and season. We wonder why He is so long in bringing about right and justice, also why He has allowed so many brave and splendid men to be sacrificed to the cause of Freedom and Liberty when He is so just Himself. But He knows best and we have but to trust to Him. "Though He slay," and also learn to say, "They will be done." Oh! those sorrowing wives and mothers who have lost their dear ones! How hard it must be for them to utter those four short words. Only they can tell. We can only surmise.

The submarines have done terrible work, sinking hundreds of valuable ships loaded with people and food stuffs and drowning thousands of precious lives without any sort of mercy.

The Germans have much to answer for in debasement, cruelty and atrocities, too dreadful to name, consequently they are hated by all nations and have justly earned the bitter feeling. It will take over a century to smother this intense feeling toward them if it does even then.

JULY 16th, 1918.

Just when everything looked the blackest and our men about spent in their efforts to keep their line intact and the Germans within a few miles of Paris and the sea coast, General Foch ordered our men, with the aid of the new American army, fresh and keen, to advance and take the objective which they did. God was with them and the situation was saved. From that day forward it has been one victory after another and the Germans lay in heaps all along the line. They were checked five hours after the opening of the offensive. The Allies have so many prisoners they do not know what to do with them. They are aggressive and sullen.

The French are beginning to return to their homes as the villages are retaken and starting to rebuild what remains of their homes. They will not have to move again.

The country freed from the Huns is now wild with joy. In Lille the population, young and old, shooting off fireworks, dancing in the streets and parading the streets arm in arm singing "Marsellaise." The soldiers and officers were smothered with kisses and babies in scores were held up by their mothers to be kissed by the British soldiers. They could not do enough to show their gratitude. Flowers were plucked from nearby gardens and pressed upon every man wearing the British uniform. Never was there such joy and excitement.

THE WORLD IS AT THE HOUR OF CRISIS

Germany can get peace only by striking her flag and unconditional surrender. She still hammers away with her guns, retiring as she goes. Her aim is now to save her own country which is in serious jeopardy. Our soldiers are anxious to give Germany a little taste of what she has given to others, and no wonder! They are anxious to do away with the abominable Prussian

militarism which is such a constant menace by land and sea. No other peace will answer for the millions which have been mercilessly sacrificed.

Here in Canada the sun rises and sets in the same peaceful way day by day, as if quite oblivious of the bloody scenes she is witnessing across the sea in another part of the world. We look at the moon at night and often wonder what she sees below at the present time. Here all is supremely quiet and wonderful. There is a feeling of power and rest and sometimes happiness in a moonlight night that one can hardly fathom or explain, except that one is drawn towards its beauty and solemnity and longing for something which is not there and yet which is there. An incomprehensible presence around that does not materialize nor satisfy. This may or may not influence others in the same way.

Our Queen of the Night reigns supreme and witnesses a great deal, both good and evil. She never changes her aspect or dims her smile. She still smiles while witnessing the terrible slaughter taking place in France. We look on her as a dethroned Queen who, centuries ago, reigned as queen of the day, whose light has now burnt out.

THE FLYING CORPS

On July 23rd, 1918, Alfred made an application to join the Flying Corps and was immediately accepted, passed his physical tests and returned to England for his training, which would take about six months. This was rather a surprise to us, but we were thankful that our boy was, for the time being, out of the sound of warfare and shell shocks. No doubt it was for the best. For the rest we must trust to Providence as to the future and a speedy end to the war.

FIRST FLY ABOVE THE CLOUDS

On October 27th, word came:

"I have been in the air several times, and am really getting to like it. The other day we were on early flying and the clouds were quite low. I had about 300 rounds to fire at rafts and then could go for a joy ride. I fired them at posts in the sea, sea gulls or anything I could see, so it did not take long to get rid

of the shot. Then off we went. My pilot went straight at the clouds. We climbed and climbed until finally we burst through into the most glorious sunshine. The sun was just getting up and all the clouds below had a crimson, filmy look about them. It was most magnificent and since it was my first time above the clouds I did most certainly enjoy it. At the first start at flying the sensation was so strange, I can hardly say I cared for it, but now it is very different. It is most interesting and gets more so as time goes on.

PEACE PROCLAIMED NOVEMBER 11th, 1918

On November 11th, 1918, the Kaiser was forced unwillingly to sign his own abdication and the Crown Prince to resign all rights to the throne. The Royal party took refuge in Holland immediately on Germany surrendering to our Allies. Ten motor cars, glistening with armour, rushed them away to safety. Each passenger was also fully armed in case of attack. The castle in which they took refuge is ten miles out of German territory. The former Kaiser, now William Hohenzollern, is not welcomed by the Dutch and so may have to shift his quarters. He is now interned there for the time being.

On November 21st, 1918, the German warships were surrendered to the Allies in the North Sea, which will close the epoch of the big war. Every Allied Nation was represented. The captured ships steamed in—in silence—and will be taken into the Scotch Seas until further orders.

This memorable event was so impressive and solemn that it will never be forgotten in the historical world.

The news of our great victory is being celebrated in every country and would be more so were it not for a very serious epidemic prevailing, that has been and now is raging all over the world, causing millions of deaths. The so-called Spanish influenza has made it impossible to celebrate this great and glorious victory as it should be. Even the churches have had to be closed for a few weeks as the epidemic is so contagious.

In Germany, through disappointment and starvation, there is great and serious disturbance. The state of affairs on the Continent, in general, is also very serious, indeed. Our soldiers may again have to be called out to help settle matters.

OUR SOLDIERS RETURN AND THE STORY ENDS

Our remaining soldiers have now all returned, looking fairly fit after the hardships they have experienced. Many have already fallen back to the work which they left to fight for their King and Country, feeling happy and contented to be once more in their peaceful Canadian homes.

On the 28th of June, 1919, the Peace terms were signed by the Germans.

Here ends my story and with the marriage of my children another one begins.

May God bless them and their homes and grant them all love and happiness during the coming years.

With best love to

him & his 73 over as

from the Author

Graduate F. 73 all